

Trustees—William S. Bail
Squire, and Jeremiah Greene

The GIRL HORSE AND A DOG

By
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society idler, finds his share of the estate, valued at something like \$100,000, in a "safe repository," latitude and longitude described, and that is all. It may be identified by the presence nearby of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a black horse, and a dog, with a split face, half black and half white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a joke, but after consideration sets out to find his legacy.

CHAPTER II.—On his way to Denver, the city nearest the meridian described in his grandfather's will, Stanford hears from a fellow traveler a story having to do with a flooded mine.

CHAPTER III.—Thinking things over, he begins to imagine there may be something in his grandfather's bequest worth while. His idea finally centers on the possibility of a mine, as a "safe repository." Recalling the narrative on the train, he ascertains that his fellow traveler was a mining engineer, Charles Bullerton. Bullerton refuses him information, but from other sources Broughton learns enough to make him proceed to Placerville, in the Red Desert.

CHAPTER IV.—On the station platform at Atopia, just as the train pulls out, Stanford sees what appears to be the identical horse and dog described in his grandfather's will. Impressed, he leaves the train at the next stop, Angels. There he finds that Atopia was originally Placerville, his destination. Unable to secure a conveyance at once to take him to Placerville, Broughton seizes a construction car and escapes, leaving the precision of the town square. Beasley, that he is slightly demented.

CHAPTER V.—Pursued, he abandons the car, and, in the darkness, he is overtaken by a girl on horseback, and THE DOG. After he explains his presence, she invites him to her home, at the Old Cinnabar mine, to meet her father.

CHAPTER VI.—Broughton's hosts are Hiram Twombly, caretaker of the mine, and his daughter Jennie. Seeing the girl, Stanford is astonished he has located his property, but does not reveal his identity.

CHAPTER VII.—Next morning, with Hiram, he visits the mine. Hiram asks him to look over the machinery, and he does so, glad of an excuse to be near Jennie, in whom he has become interested, and he engages in the first real work he has ever done.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Laboring Pumps.

On the third day after I had tried to brain myself in the old boiler I was pretty nearly as good as ever, and my two Good Samaritans reluctantly consented to my going back to work, Jennie renewing the bandage on my broken head, and laying many injunctions upon Daddy Hiram to send me right back to the cabin if I didn't behave; "behaving," in her use of the word, meaning that I was to take it easy on the job.

That sounded mighty good to me, the way she said it. Most men, I fancy, are only overgrown children in the sense that they like to be fussed over by their womankind. Don't mistake me, please; I wasn't in love with her—then. Candidly, I don't think I knew what a real love was. But it was mighty pleasant to live in the same house with her, and to eat her delicious cooking; to be with her every day, and to have those undisturbed evening half-hours with her in front of the fire. If I had had to get out, or if there had been another man . . . but I won't anticipate.

In due time and after we had completely overhauled the rusted and gummed-up machinery, Daddy and I happened upon a day when we were ready to put fire under the boilers and we did it. If I should live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget the tense, suppressed excitement that gripped me as we brought the wood for the furnaces that bright, hot, July morning. By eight o'clock we had ninety pounds of steam pressure on the boilers, but we held off until it had climbed to the regular working pressure of one hundred and twenty. Then I started the pumps; two big centrifugal sections, mounted on a platform in the shaft mouth and so arranged that they could be lowered to follow the water level down—if it should go down; pumps that each threw a stream six inches in diameter. After the pumps were started and the indicators showed, or seemed to show, that they were working up to full capacity, I rigged up a measuring gauge; a bit of wood for a float, with a string tied to it, and the string passing over a pulley in the shafthouse roof-beaming with a weight on the end of it. If the water level should go down, the float would sink with it, pulling the weight up. A smooth board, with feet, inches and fractions penciled on it, was stood up beside the weight to answer for a measuring scale.

At the end of the hour the float hadn't moved a hair's breadth; not a hundredth part of an inch, so far as we could see. "I don't believe the pumps are working!" I exploded. "Surely they'd make some little difference in the level unless that shaft's got all the underground water in the world to back it up. Those indicators must be out of whack in some way. Where does the discharge water empty itself?"

Daddy knew this, too. "Order in the left-hand gulch—into the creek,"

"Show me," I directed. We found the discharge from the pumps a little way below the end of the path: a ten-inch pipe which had been laid underground from the shaft-house, presumably to keep it from freezing in winter. The end of the pipe stuck out over the stream and it was projecting pretty nearly a solid ten-inch jet of water. The dams were

wasn't any too confidently cordial about it, either, I guess.

Bullerton drew up a chair and began to talk, much as if he'd invited him to, about his hard-working year in South America; about the fabulously rich mines in that far-away Utopia of the gold-diggers; about his voyage up from the Isthmus; about the oddness of his meeting me on the train, combined with the more execratable oddness of his meeting me again, here in the Eastern Timanony; things like that.

He was just comfortably surging along in the swing of it when a door opened behind us and he jumped up with another "Well, well, look who's here!" and when I turned, he was holding Jennie's two hands in his and braying over her like a wild ass of the plains. And, if you'll believe me, that girl had gone and changed her dress! That is what she went to do when she slipped out and left me to stare at her empty chair, after she had heard her father say, "Well, hello, Charley Bullerton!"

It was all off with me from that time on. For what was left of the evening, Bullerton played a solo. I got full-up of the performance about nine o'clock, and climbed my ladder and went to bed, muffled my head in the blankets so that I wouldn't have to lie there and listen to the bagpipes drone of Bullerton's voice in the room below.

I hoped—without the least shadow of reason for the hope, of course—that the next morning would show me a hole in the atmosphere in the space that Bullerton had occupied. But there was no such luck. He was present at the breakfast table, as large as life and twice as talkative.

I made my escape from the cabin as soon as I could and tramped over to the mine. A glance into the shaft showed the black pool in its depths as placid and untroubled as if we hadn't just lifted a million or so cubic feet of water out of it by hard labor.

In morose discouragement I recalled the few things I had learned about drowned mines while I was knocking about in the Cripple Creek district trying to trace Bullerton. Particularly I remembered my talk with Hilton, the man who had finally put me upon what had proved to be the right track in the tracing job. He had talked quite freely. Sometimes the flood was only the tapping of an underground stream, as when one digs a well; in other cases—and these were most common in the Cripple Creek region—the source of the flood would be found in a buried lake or reservoir, large or not so large, as the luck might have it. If the source were a lake—so Hilton had said—there was little use in trying to pump the mine dry.

Mulling over these discouraging bits of information, I was naturally led back to the Pullman smoking-room talk with Bullerton. I remembered, with a sharp little flick of the memory whip, that he had given an expert opinion, which, as it seemed, he had backed up a year earlier with a thousand dollars of real money—the deposit in the Omaha bank made to cover my grandfather's bargain blunder. What he had said was, "I'm reasonably certain that I discovered a way in which that mine can be drained at comparatively small expense."

Had he really discovered a way?—and with no better data than a study of the maps? Staring down at the black pool which Daddy and I hadn't been able to lower by so much as a fraction of an inch in a week's pumping, I doubted it.

I was stumbling out toward the engine room with my head down and my hands in my pockets when I heard footsteps coming from the direction of the cabin beyond the dump. Looking out, I saw Bullerton sauntering over toward the shaft-house. Though I knew that some sort of a wrangle with him was inevitable, I was perfectly willing to postpone it, so I edged down to the blacksmith shop and sat down on the anvil, hoping he might miss me and go away. But there was nothing coming to me on that bet.

"I saw your lead when you left the house," he began, after he had found me and had dusted off an empty dynamite box for a seat. "Don't you think you've played it rather low down on me?"

"How so?"

"By taking in my story of this mine when I told it to you without giving me a hint that you were the person most deeply interested—since my old gentleman was your grandfather."

"It didn't strike me that way, and it doesn't yet," I shot back. "I notice you were mighty careful not to tell me the name of your old gentleman—or rather, I should say, you lied about it when I wired you."

"An ordinary business precaution," he chuckled. "But we needn't waste our time bickering over what might have been—and wasn't. I have a contract with your grandfather which is legally binding upon you as his heir; to this particular piece of property—always provided you can prove that you are his heir. What I'm here to say is that I'm ready to carry out my part of the contract; to unwater this mine. What do you say?"

"How are you going to do it?"

"That, my young friend, is particularly my own affair."

I felt pretty scrappy that morning; there is no use in denying it. "You're not the only pebble on the beach, Bullerton," I said, looking him squarely in the eye. "What you can do with this mine, another mining engineer can do quite as well; and the other man will probably be willing to do it without asking the fenced-in earth for his reward."

"Humph!" he grunted; "so that's your play, is it?" Then, after a scowling pause: "You're licked before you begin. You're fighting without ammunition, Broughton. You haven't any money, and you'll look a long time before you'll find an engineer able to finance his own experiment on your drowned proposition."

"That may be," I retorted. "But if you told me the story straight that night in the Pullman, you can't turn

me down now. You've got to stick to it. You've got to carry out your part of the contract. You've got to unwater this mine. What do you say?"

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I said what I was obliged to, and



"If You Want to Go to Law—Sall In."

a wheel until I tell you to go ahead. So your contract, if you've got one, doesn't amount to a hill of beans."

"That point may make a nice little question for the courts to decide," he snapped. "But I don't want to go to law about this thing, and neither do you. As a matter of fact, you haven't any money to throw away in a legal scrap. You make me a deed to fifty-one per cent of the Cinnabar property, just as it stands, and then you may go back East and enjoy yourself playing

marbles, or pitch and toss, or red dog—whatever your pet diversion may happen to be. Fifty-one per cent and you give me a clear field—not stick around, I mean. That goes as it lies."

"Huh!" I scoffed. "A while back you were talking about pulling the law on me. You can't make anything like that stand in the courts and you know it mightily well."

"Maybe not; but I can make it stand with you—which is much more to the purpose. You said a minute ago that I couldn't turn a wheel without your consent. You can't turn a wheel at all—without money."

His rubbing the poverty glue into me made me madder than ever and I thought it was about time to tell him where he got off.

"Then, by Jove, the wheels needn't turn!" I countered. "And that lets you out. If you want to go to law about that contract—sall in. That's all I've got to say."

"Oh, hold on!" he protested, with mock concern. Then he showed me plainly what he'd been doing in the interval between his first and this second appearance in the Red Desert region. "I've had time to look you up, you know. You're engaged to a girl back East and you can't marry her because you haven't money enough. Half a loaf is better than no bread; and I'm offering you very nearly the half loaf. Take a day or so to think it over. I'm in no hurry." And with that he went back to the cabin across the dump and left me warning the anvil.

I guess it will say itself that the next few days stacked up about as wretched an interval as I had ever been called upon to put over. Bullerton had a masterful sort of grip that seemed to give him a stranglehold upon everything he tackled. At table and in the evenings before the fire he monopolized the talk and the rest of us sat around like staghounds waiting for him to do it.

It didn't help matters out much when Daddy Hiram, clamping me up on one of the days when I was doling Bullerton, gave me the sealed envelope which my grandfather had left with him. As will be remembered, it was on the night of Bullerton's arrival at the Cinnabar that I had told Daddy and his daughter, who I was, and the subject hadn't been again referred to by any of us. But now Daddy, having overthrown me on one of the trails above the mine, sat beside me on a flat rock and we had it out together.

"You knew who I was from the first, Daddy?" I asked.

"Not right plumb at first, no," he qualified. "You see, I didn't know who I was looking for. Always reckoned somebody'd be along, of course, but I hadn't had any idea who 'r when."

"I'm afraid I've been a pretty sorry disappointment to you," I muttered. "I have no money and I don't know enough to be any good at the mining game. And that reminds me: my grandfather paid you a regular salary for the caretaking, didn't he?"

"Uh-huh."

"That has been discontinued since his death?"

"I reckon so."

"I have a little income of my own; not much, but enough for the way we're living here. It must be understood that I share it with you and Jennie, so long as I stay with you."

"Ain't no need of your dola' that, Stannie. I got a little stake hid out for a pinch."

In all this, you will notice, there was no word said about Bullerton. We sat in silence for a while, Daddy chewing a spear of grass. After a time he called attention to the envelope which I still held unopened in my hands.

"Don't ye want to know what your grandpaw says?" he asked mildly.

At this I slit the end of the envelope. Its contents were a deed in fee simple to the Cinnabar and a note to me, written in Grandfather Jasper's cramped, old-fashioned handwriting.

In the note he merely said that he was leaving me a property which had cost him pretty well up to half a million and that he hoped I'd brace up and go to work and make something out of it, adding that if I hadn't been such a hopeless idler all my life he might have considered the propriety of adding an experimental fund to the gift. As it was, I must work out my own salvation—if I were anxious to possess

any of that commodity. I think it was on the fourth day after his arrival that Bullerton cornered me again and it was in the deserted blacksmith shop.

"Well, Broughton," he began abruptly, seating himself once more upon the empty dynamite box. "I've given you plenty of time to think it over. Where do you stand now?"

"Right exactly where I did in the beginning," I snapped. "I don't want any forty-nine-fifty-one per cent partnership with you; neither that nor any other kind."

"All right," he rejoined, brusquely; "we'll call that phase of it a back number and go on to something else. I'll buy your mine, just as it stands, water and all—that's what nobody else would do, you'd better believe."

"For how much?"

"For fifty thousand dollars—cash."

"No," I grated. "I don't need a little money that badly."

"Fifty thousand isn't a little; at a good, safe, investment interest it will give you an income of three thousand a year. And that's more than you're getting now out of what your father left you."

"You seem to know a good bit about my private affairs," I growled.

"You said a mouthful, then. I've made it my business to find out about them. There's nothing much to you, Broughton, when you come right down to brass tacks. You had a good education, but you haven't had get-up-and-get enough in you to make any use of it."

"The less you dig in my private garden patch, the better we shall get along," I told him.

He was silent for a moment. He had picked up a bit of iron rod and was tracing hieroglyphic figures with it in the dust of the shop floor. Presently he looked up with a sort of mocking leer.

"Been trying to carry sentimental water on both shoulders, haven't you? I'm telling you right now, Broughton, it's no use. I filed on the little Blue-eyes claim over yonder in Twombly's cabin a long, long time before you ever saw or heard of it."

That remark of his carried things over the edge for me.

"See here, Bullerton," I said, and I suppose I stuck out my jaw at him as people say I do when I'm beginning to feel ugly. "There are limits, and I'll pay you the compliment of assuming that you are not quite a born fool. We are going to leave Miss Twombly out of it; completely and absolutely out of it."

"You say; but I shan't," he grinned back at me. "In point of fact, my dear fellow, now that I come to think of it, you'll have to leave her out."

"Not for anything you may say, or do, or leave unsaid or undone."

"Yes, you will; and for something that I may say. And I guess this is as good a time as any to mention it. Have you forgotten that you have advertised yourself in this out-of-the-way corner of the world rather successfully as one of two things: a pretty dangerous sort of lunatic, or—a criminal? As a matter of fact, the railroad detectives have been looking high and low and level for you ever since you stole that inspection motor at the Angels platform and got it smashed."

"Twombly knows about that," and so does Miss Twombly. I cut in.

"They wouldn't give you away, of course; in a certain sense you are Twombly's guest, and in another you're his employer. But you'll notice that neither of these restrictions apply to me. Now, perhaps, you can understand just why you are obliged, in ordinary prudence, to leave the girl out of it—and why I am not so obliged."

"Miss Twombly, herself, has the casting vote on that," is what I flung at him.

"She has already voted," he said coolly. Then: "You're not in the game, Broughton; you don't hold anything higher than a seven-spot, and you are tucking a straight flush. Do you take fifty thousand and vanish? That is the one live question of the moment."

"No."

"Very well; I'll give you another day to think it over; but I'm warning you here and now that the price will shrink. It is fifty thousand today, say up to sunset; tomorrow it will be forty thousand."

I slid from the anvil and half unconsciously picked up the blacksmith's hand hammer.

"You go straight to hell—I," I said; and at that he left me.

I sat down to try once more to think things out to some sort of an action focus. Should I take Bullerton's fifty thousand and quit? Common sense said yes, spelling it with a capital and underscoring it for emphasis. What was the use in hanging on? Hadn't we proved that the mine was undratable, save, perhaps, at the enormous cost of driving an under-running tunnel from a lower slope of the mountain?

Then there was Jennie. Then, again, there was Lisette. Fifty thousand dollars at six per cent would buy her hats—but it wouldn't buy much else. I could picture the calm and collected way in which she would say, "Yes, Stannie; you've succeeded nicely in swamping the hats. But you know as well as I do that we couldn't buy hats and keep a car on three thousand a year."

I had just climbed down to this bottom round of the ladder of dejection when I heard a bit of noise and looked up to see a small, trim figure darkening the engine-room door. Then a voice that I would have recognized in a thousand voices all speaking at once, said:

"Mr. Broughton—Stannie. are you here?"

CHAPTER IX.

To Fish or Cut Bait.

It is nothing short of wonderful how the sourest grouch can sometimes be banished by a single word. That word "Stannie," you know; she had never called me that before; though her father had been using the familiar handle, western-wise, right along, almost

from the day I landed on the Cinnabar reservation.

"Yes," I said, and jumped up and went to her.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing as a bear with a sore head?" she asked, in the tone of a schoolmarm, asking the dull boy if he'd ever heard of the letter "A."

"Often," I admitted.

"Well, isn't that the way you've been acting?"

"Haven't I some little cause?"

"Maybe, of course, I'm willing to make some allowances. It does seem provoking that your grandfather should have left things in such a dreadful muddle."

"How much do you know about the muddle?" I asked.

"I know that old Mr. Dudley let, or partly let, a contract for the draining of the mine, to a man who was almost a total stranger to him."

I saw how it was. Bullerton, always ready to talk than a stuck pig is to bleed, had been giving her his own version of things. But I let that part of it go.

"Grandfather Jasper was laboring for the good of my soul. He knew his 'medium,' as the artists say. He wanted to make me work—something that nobody else has ever been able to do."

"Don't you like to work?"

"Why-e-e, I guess I like like other folk in that respect. I don't mind working if I can pick my job—and my company. I've been having a bully good time hammering around this old bunch of junk with your father. Or I was having one until Stannie came also."

"Meaning Mr. Bullerton?"

"Quite so; meaning Mr. Bullerton, christened 'Charles.'"

"Ought I to stay here and listen if you're going to say things about him?"

"Not if you are going to marry him, you shouldn't."

"Well, why shouldn't I marry him if I want to? Isn't he plenty of money? And haven't I told you that I'd marry for money?"

"Humph!" said I; "when you talk that way you are saying out loud just what Lisette says to herself—only you don't mean it and she does. But tell me how did you get permission to come over here and talk with me?"

"Whose permission—Daddy's?"

"No; Bullerton's, of course."

"I don't have to ask it—yet."

"Not yet, but soon," I grinned. "All things come to him—or her—who waits. Just the same, you shouldn't have come. It's cruelty to animals. After a man has traveled thousands of miles to sit at the feet of the one girl in the universe, only to find himself followed by a brown-whiskered fool—"

"Hush!" she chided. "Can't you ever be serious? You are not sitting at anybody's feet. What are you going to do about the mine?"

"Bullerton offered to unwater the Cinnabar if I'd deed him a bit more than a half interest—and possibly he'd still be willing to do that, which would mean that he'd form a stock company and freeze me out completely when he got good and ready."

"And what is the other way?"

"He offers to buy the mine outright, just as it stands, for fifty thousand dollars."

"But your grandfather paid nearly half a million for it, didn't he?"

"Even so. But, you see, in the present scrap I'm the under dog. The man you are going to marry has none of the nice little scruples in a business transaction—if you'll permit me to go that far. He even threatens to turn me over to the authorities for stealing that inspection car and getting it smashed."

"Oh, I don't believe he'd do that!" she deprecated.

"It is perfectly right and proper that you shouldn't think so—in the circumstances. Just the same, you'll pardon me if I say that I'm swearing continuously and prayerfully at the circumstances."

"You don't want me to marry money and have good clothes and all the other nice things, and travel and see the world, and all that?"

"No, by Jove! I want you to marry me."

Her laugh was just a funny little gurgle.

"Bluebeard!" she said, just like that. "And you haven't even killed Miss Randle yet! Thank you, ever so much; but I don't want to be one of several. Besides, you haven't any money."

Talk of impassable and impossible situations! What could a man say, or hope to say, to such a girl as that!

"Did you come over here just to torment me?" I rasped.

"Woof!" she shivered, "here comes the bear again!" and then, right smack out of a clear sky: "Kiss me—just once, Stannie-bear."

Did I? She was gasping a bit when she got up rather unsteadily to go back to the cabin across the dump head and wouldn't stay another minute, though I begged and pleaded with her.

"No, indeed, Bluebeard man," she said with that queer little gurgle of a laugh. "I—I think I have found out what I wanted to. Goodbye." And then, after I thought she was clean gone, she turned back to say, slyly: "Oh, yes; I had almost forgotten what I came over here to tell you. You mustn't sell the Cinnabar, Stannie; not for any price that anybody might offer you. Goodbye, again."

Can you hear it? When the good Lord made women He doubtless had many patterns; but I do believe the mold was broken and thrown away after this teenage girl had been fashioned. For a solid hour or more I sat on that slab bench at the shafthouse door in a sort of bewildered daze, wondering if I had been asleep and dreaming, or if the bedazzling thing had really happened.

At breakfast the next morning everything passed off as usual and for anything that Jennie said or looked there needn't have been any bench beside the shafthouse door and the dread theory I had been playing with might have been the sober fact. An hour later, after I had gone across to the mine, Bullerton came over to dig at

Continued on Page 3

Special Bargains.

Ladies Winter Woolens.

Comparing the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic markets at 6 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles which we expect to arrive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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THINK UNCLE SAM SOLOMON.

Government Bureaus Are Pestered
With Never-Ending Flood of
Absurd Questions.

Many persons place no limit upon the things they believe Uncle Sam can accomplish for them. Two letters recently broke into the comparatively uneventful business existence of a correspondence clerk in the bureau of mines to illustrate this very thing, says the Mining Congress Journal. One of these missives bore the postmark of a little western mining town. The letter was written in a draggy, uncertain scrawl, with a name of plainly foreign origin, tucked on the end at a rakish angle. The writer sought information, lots of it. Leading off with a simple query as to when the bureau's 1921 reports on everything from silk neckties to oxen came would be ready, he stepped into a veritable flood of question marks.

"Could you drop me a line when some expedition starts off to the Cocos Islands or any other places?" he asks with nonchalance.

"What is radium worth a pound?" "Where are the most birds of paradise found, and how big are their eggs?"

"Can you give me the names of all the foreign and domestic companies handling eyeglasses, telegraph instruments, water gauges, periscopes, ore finders, hearing horns, electric churns, curling irons and aluminum cooking tools?"

And so on and on through three pages.

The other gem par excellence which the mail man brought told of the ambitions of an Italian mushroom grower of New York city. It told such a tale as might easily have furnished O. Henry with inspiration for one of his wonder yarns of the great metropolis. Not high ambitions were these of the mushroom grower, as they appeared between the lines of the letter. Lower than a fallen angel were they. Down deep in the murky, gloomy depths of deserted mines is where this man's dreams of fortune led his mind. To quote his letter:

"I am a mushroom grower, and I am looking for some empty mines in New Jersey in which to plant my mushrooms. Would be much obliged if you would send me a list of same, especially the ones that are good and damp."

With what masses of mushrooms is this fair land of ours due to be swamped if this man's dreams of numberless caverns jammed from side to side and to their roofs with monster bits of toothsome ever become realized.

From Wasp to Sugar.

When man attempts to remake nature he finds himself on a devious path. In Hawaii they have sent abroad for a wasp because the sugar plantations need it, but the route from wasp to sugar is not a straight one.

The first need was assured supplies of water for the plantations. Most of it came from three large watersheds, and it was desirable to reforest them. For this purpose the most suitable tree was the large banyan, which will flourish in Hawaii, but is sterile for lack of a wasp, which fertilizes the egg of which the banyan is a species.

So the experiment station of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' association sent out two missionaries to seek the proper wasp to pollinate the trees. One went to the Philippines, one to the Fiji Islands, while a third, dispatched by the territorial government, set out for India.

The wasp ambassador to the Fiji Islands has already shipped cases of wasps to his homeland. Now the planters hope that the banyan will grow naturally, the watersheds be protected and the sugar cane flourish. —The Nation's Weekly.

Teach Flat Life in Schools.

On the assumption that most girl pupils some day will marry and make their homes in small city apartments, New York public schools are being equipped to teach them how to keep house economically and efficiently under those conditions.

Part of the equipment of the domestic science department of each of the new standard school buildings opened this year is a model flat, filling the space of one ordinary school room and including a kitchen, living room, dining room, hall, bedroom and bath.

Adjoining the model flat is a large cooking room and three small kitchens, separated by railings, the entire unit providing for the instruction of forty pupils at once.

Aid for Struggling Authors.

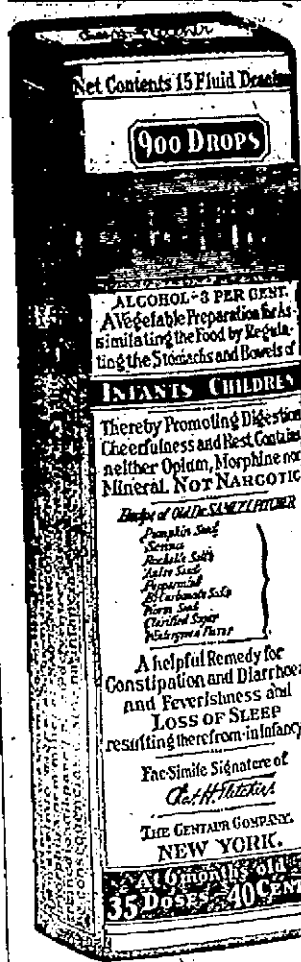
Here is an item from the New York Globe of interest to impecunious writers: "It is not generally known that the Authors' league has a fund for authors who are in distress. Recently the league learned that a young woman who had won considerable distinction and prominence as a writer had through a series of misfortunes and through illness been reduced to dire distress. A representative called to see her and found her on the verge of a physical and nervous collapse, due to actual starvation. Immediate means were supplied her, and in order to give her an opportunity to regain her health and to get her back to her work a substantial amount was raised among the members to carry her through this period of enforced inactivity."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That
Genuine CastoriaAlways
Bears the
Signature

In Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Use for Exhaust Gas.

At its point of issue from the cylinder the exhaust has a temperature of from 800 degrees to 1,000 degrees F., and consists almost entirely of carbon dioxide—a colorless and odorless gas. These properties make it suitable for carbonizing wood, that is to say, making charcoal, and it is now being utilized for that purpose in France. The hot gases are caused to traverse a specially constructed oven, in which the wood is suitably arranged, by which means the temperature of the wood is raised to about 500 degrees, which carbonizes without burning or igniting it. Many ovens of this type were installed during the war, in Algeria and Tunis, with the object of furnishing a substitute for anthracite coal, which was very scarce and dear, for use in enriching low-grade gas for motor purposes.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Why Coat Was Ruined.

"Manufacturing faults or fugitive colors are responsible for trouble where, in many cases, the laundryman is blamed," states the secretary of the British Federation of Launderers, in reference to a man's coat which had been sent to the wash and returned in holey and dismantled condition. It has been reported that a large number of coats made of wood-pulp reached England from Germany, and chemical examination of the remaining particles of the garment destroyed disclosed the fact that it had been entirely made of paper.

How They Get Ready.

The birds and beasts that live in the Bronx zoo in New York city are preparing for an early and hard winter. Although they live in luxury, and don't have to worry about where their next meal is coming from, they are instinctively hoarding up food.

All classes of animals scent a stiff winter, keepers say. The squirrels are putting in full days storing up unusually large quantities of nuts. The prairie dogs, a month ahead of time, are secreting lots of food into their underground homes.

Canada's Memorials.

Sculptors of Canada's memorials to Canadian soldiers, to be erected in France and Belgium, will be chosen by the special committee some time this month. Each memorial will be from 80 to 100 feet high, and cost about \$150,000. While the sculptors will be Canadians, the selection committee will be international, being composed of a Canadian, a Frenchman and an Englishman, in order to ensure the best choice. Eight artists will be selected.

Readable at Last.

"I have just read a novel of which I thoroughly disapprove." "I hope you will lend it to me," said Miss Cayenne. "I haven't found a novel in a long time that interested me sufficiently to merit my disapproval."

Walks Far on Stilts.

A French baker once walked on stilts from Paris to Moscow, a distance of 1,500 miles, in 55 days.

Lays Progress to the "Kicker."

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world; the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore, all progress depends on the unreasonable man.—Bernard Shaw.

Australian Cannibals.

Cannibalism, apparently, has its refinements. In north Australia there are certain cannibal tribes who make a practice of eating their slain friends, but not their enemies—a habit which ought not to conduce to friendliness.

Now We Know Better.

A beauty specialist writes: "Bunions and corns should be taken to a competent chiropodist." Our custom has always been to mail them.—Boston Transcript.

Non and drive that long drainage tunnel we have been figuring out!"

"Something like that, yes. Can you see any further into the millstone? I'll say I've got about to the end of my squintin'."

I refilled my pipe and did a bit of cogitating. Supposing I had been the boss figure in the bunch that did. Grandfather Jasper the honor to blick him, as conscienceless as that pirate, whoever he was, and in the secret of the conditions as Daddy had just outlined them, what would I have done?

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I got up and knocked the ashes from my pipe.

"And that, Daddy, is precisely what I'm going to do," I said; and the saying of it ended the conference in the abandoned tunnel of the "Little Jennie."

(To be continued)

along," he said. "Thought maybe you'd like to mug over with me and take a look at her."

Of course, I said I'd be delighted; so we made a detour around the Cinnabar, keeping out of sight from the cabin and shaft-house, and pushing on around the western slope for maybe half a mile until we came to the gulch in which the abandoned claim lay.

Working entirely alone, Daddy had driven a tunnel possibly a hundred feet deep, straight into the solid rock of the mountain side, following the thin vein and hoping that it would widen into a "pay-streak." After he had led me a few yards into the tunnel, he waved me to a seat on a pile of broken rock, and took one himself with his back against the opposite wall.

"In gettin' just naturally so I hate a gosh-dummed crowd," he remarked, switching suddenly from his talk of the abandoned claim. "Feel sometimes as if I'd like to swap skins with a con-dummed gopher and duck plumb into a hole."

"Well," said I, grinning at him, "you've ducked, for once in a way, and so have I. What about it?"

"Charley Bullerton," he spat out, without further preface. "That slick-tongued word artist sure does get onto my nerves. What-all's he tryin' to do to you, anyway, Stannie?"

I didn't see any reason why he shouldn't know, so I told him all of it, from start to finish, offers, bullyings, and threats, but, of course, nothing about the Jennie factor.

"Great Moses!" he ejaculated, at the end of the sorry tale. "Why, gosh-to-Methusalem!—it's a hold-up! Do you reckon he kin unwater the Cinnabar?"

"Surest thing in the world. So could you or I, if we had the money to drive a long drainage tunnel from the lower slope."

The old man smoked along in thoughtful silence for a few minutes. Then he said:

"'Bout that there tunnel job; something like two hundred thousand, we figured that'd cost, with no bad luck, didn't we, Stannie?"

"That was the figure."

"And, first off, Charley Bullerton was willin' to give you fifty thousand for your rights—though now you say he's shaved it down to forty. That'd mean an investment of at least two hundred and fifty thousand; all a-goin' out and nothin' a-comin' in. Let's see where that's fetchin' us to. I don't know what your gran'paw paid for the mine, but it was less'n half a million, and I reckon he paid ever' dollar it was worth, don't you?"

"Doubtless he did," I admitted.

"So there's where we land," he went on speculatively. "Two hundred and fifty thousand tacked onto half a million gives her a capital of three quarters of a million sunk in her, first and last. Question is: Is she worth it?"

I was beginning to get his idea at last. He was wondering if a mine that had once sold at a top-notch price of half a million could stand the investment of a quarter of a million additional and still hope to be a paying proposition.

"You mean that Bullerton is figuring upon spending a quarter of a million more on it?" I queried.

"None; I reckon I can't. There's two nigger in the woodpile, somewhere, Stannie, as sure 's you're born."

"Can you carry it any further?"

"None; I reckon I can't. There's too many darned things a-puzzlin' me. One of 'em is where in Sam Hill did Charley Bullerton get all the money that he's flashin' around so peacocky?"

"I don't know where he got it, but he has it, all right; carries it with him," I said sourly.

"Yes; but see here, Stannie, son. I'll bet a fee dog worth a hundred dollars that it ain't his money."

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, for one thing, because I know Charley Bullerton; been knowin' him since Adam was a little boy in knee-breeches. He can't keep any money of his own; just naturally ain't built that way."

"Gambles it?" I suggested.

"Big gambles, yes; stocks and that sort of truck. No s're; these yellow-backs he's a-shashin' around ain't his, not by a long chalk, and I'd bet on it. Somebody else is settin' 'em up; and if that's so, Stannie, there's a reason for it."

"Sure," I conceded. Then: "Could you make a long, high, running jump and guess at the reason, Daddy?"

"Not so 'a it'd hold together, I reckon," he replied dubiously. "But there's a few little notions 'at I've picked up from folks that's older in this neck o' woods than I am—been here longer. The old Cinnabar never was what you'd call a 'bonanza.' Plenty of ore, to be sure, but mostly low grade, 'cepting them rich little pockets now and then."

"Those rich pockets," I put in. "A strike of one of them would be about the right time to sell, wouldn't it?"

He nodded.

"You're shewlin', now. I reckon that's about how they caught your gran'paw. But Buddy Fuller—he's the 'Tropia telegraph operator and a sort o' half-way nephew o' mine—says there's more to it than that. 'Long back couple o' years 'r so there was a copper strike made in Little Cinnabar gulch, about four mile west o' here, and follerin' it there was a heap o' talk about the railroad 'runnin' a branch to it. That there branch, if it was built—'r when it's built, for it's goin' to be, some day, to open them copper mines—that there branch it go right along our bench within a hundred yards of the old Cinnabar; so close you could mighty near dump from the ore sheds into the cars."

I began to see more crookings in the sacrificial road over which Grandfather Jasper had been led; many more and more devious ones.

"In that case, even the low-grade Cinnabar would come a bit nearer being a bonanza, wouldn't it?" I asked.

"She sure would, Stannie. That long, hard wagon haul to 'Tropia was what was puttin' the cuss in the cost o' handlin'."

"And with the railroad right at the door, so to speak, it might even pay to recapitalize at three-quarters of a mil-

lion and drive that long drainage tunnel we have been figuring out!"

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(To be continued)

Newport & Providence
Street Ry Co.Cars Leave Washington
Square for ProvidenceWEEK DAYS—4.50, 7.40, 8.50 A.
M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each
hour to 8.50 P. M.

THE GIRL, A HORSE, A DOG

out, as before.

"Forty thousand this morning," he announced as chipper as an English sparrow over an unexpected heap of street sweepings. "Say, Broughton, can you afford to let your capital shrink at the rate of ten thousand dollars a day? If you should ask me, I should say not."

"You never miss what you haven't had," I shot back. "There are no takers on the floor this morning."

"Right-o; it'll be thirty thousand tomorrow, you must remember. At that rate you'll be owing me quite a chunk of money by this time next week. That's about all I have to say—excepting one more little thing: No more chinny little tete-a-tetes in the starlight, old man, or I shall be obliged to put the pad to you; the railroad gad, you know."

It made me so boiling hot to have him admit, thus baldly, that he had been spying upon Jennie and me the previous evening that I could scarcely see straight.

"That will be about enough," I barked. "I told you the other day that there were limits, and you've walked up and looked over the edge two or three times. You may think you have as many lives as a cat, but I doubt it!"

He laughed and threw back the lapel of his coat to show me a regulation six-gun slung by a shoulder strap under his left arm.

"You pulled a hammer on me yesterday," he said, letting the laugh lapse into a grin that showed his fine mouthful of teeth, "and you probably didn't know that you would have been a dead man before you could swing it. Oh, yes; I could do it, and any coroner's jury in the Red desert would acquit me; dangerous lunatic—self-defense, you know. That's a word to the wise, and it ought to be sufficient. But I have a better life-insurance policy than any that the six-gun could write me: you're in love with Jennie Twombly—in spite of that girl back-East; and because you are, you are not going to make her a widow before the fact. You're not selling your mine for forty thousand—cold cash—this morning?"

"Not this morning or any other morning."

"Good. I can afford to stick around here a few

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Saturday, December 10, 1921

Government Victory Bonds, 3% and 4%, have sold above par this week, and the 4% Liberty bonds have sold as high as 98. The best financial indications are that all classes of Government Bonds will sell at much higher figures at an early date. The thousands that sold their bonds when they were at least 15 points lower than now are sorry.

Some twenty cities in Massachusetts held municipal elections on Tuesday. There was not much excitement anywhere, most of the cities following out the role of former elections. The most interest, perhaps, centered in New Bedford, where Mayor Ashley, the rival of Mayor Doyle of this city in long term service, retired. His successor is City Clerk Walter H. B. Remington, who is the winner over five other candidates. The big election comes off next Tuesday, when the City of Boston will try to select one from the multitude now haranguing the denizens of that city both day and night.

England and Ireland seem at last in a fair way to settle their long-standing misunderstandings and difficulties. A treaty between Great Britain and Ireland, consisting of eighteen articles, giving Ireland the title of the Irish Free State, and the same Constitutional status as Canada, Australia and other English provinces was agreed upon Tuesday night by officials representing all parties and duly signed by the authorized representatives. All that remains now is the formal acceptance of the same by the people and the ratification by the Imperial Parliament. It is hoped that this may be the beginning of a lasting peace, and that the new Irish Free State may become a prosperous and happy Nation.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

President Harding's first Message to the regular session of Congress delivered on Tuesday seems to please everybody but Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor. He, by the way, is seldom pleased with anything that does not originate with himself. The President deals with many questions that are uppermost in the minds of the American people and throughout the entire document the spirit of harmony and compromise is predominant. President Harding is not a radical in any direction. The tariff issue forms an important part of the Message. In this he proposes a flexible rate that may be raised or lowered as circumstances may demand. A tariff that is adequate today may be entirely out of place tomorrow. The farmers of the Nation come in for an important consideration. He recommends that they form cooperative associations everywhere and sell their products on the so-called cooperative plan, without rushing their goods to the markets and putting them at the mercy of the great wholesalers. The President recommends that ten millions of bushels of corn and one million bushels of seed corn be sent to starving Russia. He also recommends that some laws be enacted that will prevent in the future the large issue of non-taxable bonds, whereby the Government is deprived of a large source of its income. On the subject of railroad strikes and strikes in general he believes that wages and working conditions of employees can be satisfactorily arranged by a judicial commission, and he proposes that the decisions of such a body be final and obligatory. This would prohibit the general strike, although of course allowing the freedom of the individual to quit his employment if he wishes. The President shows that the government of the Nation in 1922 will cost the people two thousand and thirty-two millions less than in 1921. This is a wonderful showing, and shows that the President is determined that the Government shall practice economy in every department.

NEWPORT, THE NAVY AND BUSINESS

(Providence Journal Editorial)

The President of the Members' Council of the Newport Chamber of Commerce, in an address calling for action for the development of the city as a tourist resort, regards armament reduction as inevitable and argues that it calls for a new programme of development in communities heretofore dependent on army and navy activities for a large degree of their prosperity. Undoubtedly it is true that places like Newport, Annapolis or Norfolk must become reliant on the prospect of diminished naval population and trade. Newport in any event should seek more diversified sources of business than it possesses. But this ought not to imply that Rhode Island is to accept as a necessarily settled policy the virtual abandonment of the idea of a naval base in Narragansett bay. There is no present prospect of the abolition of the United States Navy or the abandonment of our coast defenses. The service activities that have centered in Newport were an important factor in commercial and social life there before the World War and before our naval construction programme was especially ambitious. With a reduction of the fleet it will be considered even more important than before that what remains of the naval establishment shall be fully and competently officered and manned. Newport surrenders no part of her claim for best serving the needs of the navy for a training base and war college. Naval authorities are not likely to change their verdict long ago rendered in favor of Rhode Island waters and of Newport as against other localities on the Atlantic seaboard. Let Newport, however, continue the quest for further means of developing both summer and all-the-year business.

BLOCK ISLAND MAN MEETS AN OLD FRIEND

An Associated Press despatch from Portsmouth, N. H., Dec. 7, says: Twenty years ago Capt. S. R. Sands, then a surfman at the Coast Guard station at Block Island, saved the life of Captain Chester Wells, then a lieutenant in the navy, and his crew on the old navy tug Layden, wrecked off Point Judith. They have never met until today in this city. Sands had only been in the service four days. He is now superintendent of the first Coast Guard district and Captain Wells commands the Eighth Submarine Division at the Navy Yard.

WHAT PRESIDENTS HAVE DONE AFTER LEAVING OFFICE

Former Presidents of the United States, after laying down the heavy burdens of their office, ordinarily have retired to the quiet of private life. There are notable exceptions to this rule, however. One former President was later commander-in-chief of the armies of the nation, another was a leader in the lower house of Congress for a considerable period; a third was elected to the United States Senate; another was prominent in the Congress of the Confederate States, and several others remained active in politics after relinquishing their posts.

George Washington retired in 1797 after serving two terms. In 1798, however, the French, under Napoleon, had become so overbearing and insulting to the young American republic that a state of war existed. The great Washington was induced to become the commander-in-chief of the provisional army, which was forced to fight the French, and he re-entered public life for a season. He died the next year, on December 14, 1799.

When John Adams retired from the presidency he withdrew from public life for all time. Adams was a great scholar and his last years were spent with his books. He lived for a quarter of a century after leaving the White House and saw the day when his son was inaugurated President. Strangely, he died on the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and on the precise day when his great political foe, Thomas Jefferson, passed away.

It was on March 4, 1809, that Jefferson left the White House, after 40 years of public service. Jefferson, in his declining years, founded the University of Virginia, and he regarded this work as so important that on his tomb he had written the following words: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and father of the University of Virginia."

James Madison retired to his Montpelier estate in Virginia in 1817, and his home became a rendezvous for literary folk. He emerged into public life for a season, when, in 1829, he became a leading member of the Virginia constitutional convention. He died in 1836, at 85, the oldest age attained by a President of the United States.

After his retirement in 1829, James Monroe held two public posts, one as regent of the University of Virginia and the other as delegate to the Virginia constitutional convention of 1829. He was the third President to die on July 4, the year of his death being 1831.

It remained for John Quincy Adams to demonstrate that a man can actually come into more fame as a member of Congress than as President. Adams was defeated for re-election by Andrew Jackson, and he retired in 1829. In the following year he was elected to the national House of Representatives from his Massachusetts district. In Congress he became a leader, especially of the anti-slavery movement. He died in the public service, dropping dead in the House in 1848.

Andrew Jackson, on his retirement in 1837, withdrew to the Hermitage, at Nashville, Tenn. He continued to take an active interest in his party, but held no public office, and died in 1845, at the age of 78.

Martin Van Buren was in politics from his earliest years, and he remained in the public eye long after his retirement from the White House in 1841. Defeated by Harrison in 1840, in 1844 he again sought the Democratic nomination. He had a majority of the votes on eight ballots, but seeing the impossibility of marshaling the necessary two-thirds, he withdrew from the contest. In 1848 he was the presidential nominee of the Free Soilers, but he failed to get a single electoral vote. He died in 1862 at the age of 80.

Death removed William Henry Harrison soon after his inauguration, and he was succeeded by John Tyler, who failed to obtain nomination from his party and left the presidency in 1845. Tyler was against disunion in 1860 and he presided over the "peace conference" in Washington in February, 1861. He was elected to the Virginia secession convention and he there advocated secession as the only logical course for the South to take. He served in the provisional Confederate Congress and was elected to the permanent Congress, but he died in 1862 before it convened. He was the only former president to support the confederacy.

James K. Polk died in the June following his relinquishing of the presidency in 1849, and Zachary Taylor, his successor, died in office. Millard Fillmore failed to win re-nomination at the hands of the Whigs, and in 1853 he left the White House to travel in Europe. While absent, in 1856, he was nominated for the presidency by a combination of Whigs and Know Nothings, but Maryland was the only State he carried. He died in 1874.

Franklin Pierce laid down the presidential duties in 1857, and after three years of travel in Europe, he retired to his New Hampshire home and died in 1869.

James Buchanan took no part in public affairs after he turned his office over to Lincoln in 1861. He was the only bachelor President, and he lived at his Pennsylvania home until his death in 1868.

Abraham Lincoln passed away in his prime, as the result of the assassin's bullet, while he was President.

Andrew Johnson left the national capital in 1869, was elected United States senator, following several defeats for that post. His career there was short, as he died the same year.

U. S. Grant, after he quit the presidency made a triumphant tour of the world, following the expiration of his term in 1877. His friends attempted to renominate him in 1880, but the move failed, and Garfield was nominated. Grant then entered the banking business in New York. He also wrote his Memoirs. The soldier-president died in 1885, at the age of 63.

Rutherford B. Hayes was active in semi-public affairs after leaving Washington in 1881. He was prominent in social work, and served as president of the National Prison Association. He lived until 1893.

James A. Garfield died in office, and Chester A. Arthur, who succeeded him, passed away the year after his retirement in 1885.

After his first retirement in 1889, Grover Cleveland went to New York city and practiced law, and he was so prominent before the people, that the Democrats made him their nominee for a second time, and he was re-elected in 1892. Cleveland's second term expired in 1897, and he retired to Princeton, N. J., where he became a trustee of Princeton University and a lecturer. He also found time to write two books, "Presidential Problems," and "Fishing and Hunting Sketches." Later he reorganized several large life insurance companies, and died in 1908.

Benjamin Harrison left the presidency in 1893 to become one of the leaders of the American bar. In 1898 he represented Venezuela in its boundary dispute with Great Britain. He also wrote, his output consisting of "This Country of Ours" and a volume of essays under the title, "Views of an ex-President." Harrison died in 1901.

William McKinley died in office and Theodore Roosevelt succeeded him in 1901. Upon quitting the White House in 1909 Roosevelt went on a hunting trip to Africa. On his return he became the spokesman of the Progressive party movement. In 1912 he was the nominee of the Progressives for President, but was defeated by Woodrow Wilson. He continued to be a political leader with a vast following, however. When the World War came, Roosevelt became an apostle of American preparedness. He died in 1919.

William Howard Taft in 1913 left the White House to become a law lecturer at Yale University. He remained in the public eye, and has been in wide demand as a speaker and writer on problems of government. Roosevelt and Taft were the first President to write in large volume for magazines and newspapers. Taft has just been made Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

Woodrow Wilson, the last President of a low partnership with Bainbridge Colby, his last secretary of state.

Former Presidents, in this latter day, seem to have no difficulty in earning their livings. Their pens alone, in some instances, have kept them from the financial difficulties that beset Jefferson and Madison.

Taft and Wilson are the present living former Presidents. Since the death of Grant, not more than two former Presidents have been alive at the same time. In 1826 there were four living, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. In 1862, the number was five, Tyler, Van Buren, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan.

Work has been begun on rounding off the corner of Bath Road and Annandale Road on the estate of Dr. Richard V. Mattison.

Electric Refrigeration.

A brine tank in place of ice, which by means of an electrical instrument keeps a mean temperature in the refrigerator, is growing in popularity in suburban and country places where ice is difficult to obtain. Its advantages are that it does away with the ice man, it gives a dry temperature advantage for the preservation of food, and there is no slime, dirt or drip as with the use of ice. It is arranged to freeze a little ice for table use when that is desired. It is not an expensive luxury, costing about \$400 to install in any refrigerator.

Roof of Washington's Home.

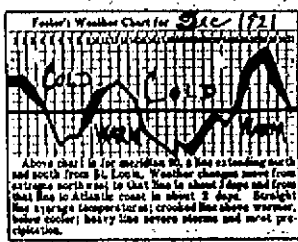
The wood shingle roof on George Washington's home at Mount Vernon was repaired by him in 1785 and was not again repaired until 1850—a life of 75 years, says the American Forestry Magazine of Washington. There have been many instances found where shingle roofs have lasted satisfactorily for 50 years and even 100 years. It is not at all unreasonable to attribute such a lifetime to cedar when we consider that the old sarcophagi in which some of the Egyptian kings were buried 8,000 years ago are still found in fairly sound condition.

Valuable Ideas From Dreams.

I often think that many of the most valuable things we know are learned by chance or by men the world supposed to be dreamers. It took lazy old Ike Newton, sprawled luxuriously under the apple tree, to discover the laws of motion as the apples dropped from the wind-shaken boughs. And the story of the boy watching the tea kettle with the white giant inside but emphasizes the fact that keen observation and dreaming may be two entirely different things.—The County Agent, In Farm Life.

Origin of Boot Heels.

Boot heels are of Persian origin, and were originally attached to sandals in order that the wearers might keep their feet above the burning sands. Heels nine inches high have been known. When high heels were introduced in Venice they were called "chappines," and were highly decorated. The height of the "chappines" precluded the rank of the wearer.



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Dec. 10, 1921.

The week centering on Dec. 12 will bring a great high temperature condition from Saskatchewan to the Texas gulf coast, and while that temperature is rising, Dec. 7 to 12, the storms in western Canada will be a little more severe than the average of this December. Not much rain or snow. Those conditions, covering all the continent, will drift eastward across the continent in three or four days. Most precipitation in northern sections. Not good winter wheat weather, in southern sections; too dry. Not enough snow in northern sections for winter grain.

The week centering on Dec. 18 will be the coldest of the month, from northern Alberta and Saskatchewan to the Texas gulf coast. A cold wave will come southward a little before, but no blizzard and not much snow; cold weather and no very bad storms. This condition will cover the whole continent as it moves eastward to the Atlantic coast, which it will reach in three or four days. This freezing weather will find much of the winter grain without a snow covering in northern sections and dry soil southward; bad winter grain conditions.

One of the worst storms of the winter may be expected Dec. 21 to 31, inclusive. Better prepare for that period of bad storms. They will surely be severe and much inconvenience may be avoided by preparedness. Not good crop weather for winter grain. Last week in December will bring a great high temperature wave. These sudden changes are not good for human health. These bad weather effects could largely be avoided if our people would give more attention to the laws of good health. But our race knows no more about keeping well than about keeping out of human slaughter. More lives are lost by carelessness during peace than by killing during war. We are not half civilized. Give more attention to Nature's laws.

Long ago I told my readers that one of the great farm products of North America would make a short crop for 1922. They are now beginning to see what I referred to. I can tell them another fact. Some considerable sections of North American Spring corn and planted crops will be cut short.

Stella Tatnall, three year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Tatnall, died at the Newport Hospital on Thursday, after several days of suffering. On Friday of last week she was severely burned when her clothes caught fire, and she was hurried to the Hospital for treatment, but failed to recover.

Sunday selling licenses issued for the year 1921 have expired.

Jazz Records and Song Hits

- A2880—\$1.00
Fi Fo Fun—One Step
Dancing Honeyman—Fox Trot
- A2879—\$1.00
Just Another Kiss—W
Ah There—Fox Trot
- A2883—\$1.00
Mohammed—Fox Trot
Afghanistan—Fox Trot
- A2885—\$1.00
Bo-La-Bo—Fox Trot
Venetian Moon—Fox Trot
- A2888—\$1.00
Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson
C-U-B-A—Kaufman

We ship Records all over the country.

PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE
NEWPORT, R. I.

Weekly Calendar DECEMBER 1921

STANDARD TIME.									
Sun.	Sun.	Sun.	Sun.	Sun.	Sun.	Sun.	Sun.	Sun.	Sun.
1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
10 Sun	7 04	1 13	2 03	3 12	4 01	5 10	6 00	7 00	8 00
11 Mon	7 04	1 13	2 03	3 12	4 01	5 10	6 00	7 00	8 00
12 Tue	7 05	1 14	2 04	3 13	4 02	5 11	6 01	7 01	8 01
13 Wed	7 05	1 14	2 04	3 13	4 02	5 11	6 01	7 01	8 01
14 Thurs	7 07	1 16	2 06	3 15	4 04	5 13	6 03	7 03	8 03
15 Fri	7 07	1 16	2 06	3 15	4 04	5 13	6 03	7 03	8 03

First quar, Dec. 7, 8.21 morning.
Full moon, Dec. 14, 9.52 evening.
Last quar, Dec. 21, 8.55 evening.
New moon, Dec. 29, 1.40 morning.

Deaths.

In this city, 3d inst., Thomas Coen, aged 45 years.
Suddenly in this city, 5th inst., Mary E. wife of Robert J. Sweeney.
In Middletown, 7th inst., Reuben Mason Morse, aged 73 years.
In Middletown, 2d inst., John Dring, in his 36th year.
At Block Island, R. I., 1st inst., Lillian, wife of Edward Fitzgerald.
In Washington, 4th inst., Margaret J., widow of Timothy P. Crowley, formerly of this city.
Suddenly in Somerville, Mass., 3d inst., George H., son of William H. and Frances H. Underwood, in his 15th year.
At William, N. J., 2d inst., daughter of Mr. William Chadwick and daughter of the late Joseph P. and Diadema D. Chadwick.
Suddenly in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 8, Frederick M. O'Connor, Lieutenant U. S. Navy.
In Westport Centre, Mass., 4th inst., Mrs. Ellen, widow of George W. Westport, in her 56th year, formerly of Winchester, Mass.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Indoor Sports Feature Turkey Supper and Meeting of Athletic Association

Frank Ashworth, the local plumber, threw his soldering iron and stillson wrench off the island last Monday night, and his athletic jeans and dropped into the executive office of the Athletic Association and with 125 other Block Island celebrities, took out a full-fledged membership card for the season of 1922.

Frank was not contented with this operation, so after priming his storage tank with a goodly share of Black Rock turkey and other fixins too numerous to mention, he appeared on the social gridiron and captured three of the main athletic contests, against a field of such noted athletes as Speckie Rose, Frank Tinker, Harry Rose, Chester Mott, George Mitchell and Joe McKenna. Bert Alves, Dell Hull and Doc Lockwood were likewise listed with the also-rans, while Frank Mott, Clarence Lewis and Elmer Allen are still in training for next month's event.

The affair, which followed the regular monthly business meeting of the Block Island Athletic Association, proved to be the biggest social event held in the town during the season. One hundred and twenty-five names were affixed to the membership roll before President Merton Mott called the meeting to order and the secretary announced that forty-one applications, all remitting the year's dues, had been received through the mail, in addition to the 125 members present.

The first big event on the program was at ten o'clock, when a regular turkey supper was introduced to the throng in the dining hall upstairs. This was followed by a list of athletic events at 11 p. m. in the main auditorium.

The first contest was a 3-legged race which was won by Frank Ashworth and Geo. Mitchell, with Speckie Rose and Harry Rose second and Frank Tinker and Harold Mott third. The prizes were Bakelite pipes.

The sack race was next in order, Frank Ashworth winning from a field of nine contestants. Prize, Ingraham watch.

The Human Wheelbarrow race, in which eight teams were entered, was taken by Frank Ashworth and Joe McKenna. The prizes were rubber-soled shaving brushes.

The elimination contest was awarded to Mrs. Armenia Mitchell and Morris Negus.

The Ladies' Sprint races were taken by Mrs. Ethel Allen and Mrs. Eva Grimes.

At the conclusion of the sports, dancing was enjoyed until 2 o'clock Tuesday morning, music being furnished by the Athletic orchestra.

The committee of arrangements for the supper included Mrs. Armenia Mitchell, Miss Minerva Allen, Miss Hazel Lockwood, Miss Marie Sheffield, Ray Mitchell, Merton Mott and Clarence Lewis.

The next meeting of the Association will be held on January 2d, 1922, at which time another big supper will be served and an entirely different list of sports will be presented. At the next meeting it is expected that the Entertainment committee will make its report.

Mrs. Nettie M. Day left Block Island on Thursday noon on the Rhode Island for Providence, where she will remain for the winter.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Baptist Church, held a sale of Christmas and fancy articles in the church parlors on Thursday afternoon. The sale was well attended.

Mr. G. Ashworth has opened a shop for repairing boots and shoes at his home. All articles to be repaired should be left at the Public Market.

Red Cross Goes Over the Top

Block Island Auxiliary of Newport Chapter American Red Cross has gone over the top by a wide margin in the 1922 membership drive, according to President Hope Rose, who reports the present enrollment at 214 members against 185, last year's total.

A number of \$5 donations have been turned in since this report. Great credit is due the citizens of New Shoreham in this drive and also the solicitors for their tireless efforts throughout the campaign.

The slight mishap to the steamer Island Belle which necessitated her being off her schedule the past few days, has worked many hardships to the citizens of the town. Many supplies coming from Providence, including particularly drugs and medicines, have necessarily been missed and it is hoped that the incident will not occur again during the winter months. Had any epidemic of sickness been prevalent, doubtless many fatalities would have resulted.

Block Island certainly needs the steamer in more ways than one.

Market Whist

Nineteen tables were in play at the Market Whist last Saturday night given by the Athletic Association in Mohegan Hall. Those winning the honors and their compensations were as follows: Mrs. Harold Lavry sugar, Dodge basket of assorted goods, Geo. Steadman pot roast, Eugene L. Rose box chocolates, Mr. Ball steak, Frank Mott bag of flour, Consolations, Mrs. Lenice Rose, S. Littlefield, Lucky Number dance, Mrs. Grant, Millard Mitchell. The highest scores in the season were noted on this occasion, the first two scoring 39 points each.

Hon. Charles F. Graves, State Senator from Vermont, and his daughter, Miss Esther Graves, were entertained at the Market Whist last Saturday night by one of the officials of the Association.

The Sunshine Club was entertained by Mrs. Grace McClaren at her home last Thursday afternoon. Games were played and refreshments served by the hostess.

Mrs. May Allen has been elected official representative to Newport from the Flat-Iron Club of Block Island. Mrs. Allen possesses a free pass to and from the Island, the pass being issued by Secretary Millard Mitchell.

A large audience witnessed the stereopticon pictures on "The Life of Christ" at the Center Methodist Church last Wednesday evening. At the conclusion of the pictures an auction was held of various fancy articles. George Dickerson was the auctioneer.

Mrs. Stanley C. Hughes will spend the winter in Florida.

BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

For week ending December 2, 1921.

(Prepared by Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates)

-DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS-

There is usually a dull market immediately after Thanksgiving holiday, and this year is no exception; very few products moving well, and price declines being the general feature.

Weather conditions are not such that the trade can expect to keep prices up very high, and with increasing arrival of fresh eggs, the market has broken badly and most all grades are considerably lower. Nearly sections are sending heavy shipments to market, and the fancy grades are selling at a discount, which is about 10c less than was obtained before holiday. Ordinary westerns have also dropped off about 10c. Storage is being the general feature, storage are not so active due to the earlier market for the fresh product, but so far they have held steady at 35-40c.

Butter is selling at a very hard by the case, and other talk in regard to high prices for poultry at Thanksgiving, as this week they have been completely off the market, and the store their goods, if they did not wish to take loss. A few turkeys have been on the market, and while 50c has been bid, it is difficult to move any quantity at that figure. Fowl and chickens have both dropped, the first generally from 15-20c, and the second from 10-15c, however, because supplies were light, 20c being the usual price. Ducks and geese have also dropped, the first being the best for 15c, and the second being 10c. A few buyers taking limited quantities of held and cured lot at 25c. The price, being the better making figure. Conditions in the butter market have been no better than for the other products, although a comparatively higher western market has shifted some of the trade here, and has made a little better demand on ordinary storage around 10c. Fancy northern butter is unchanged at 15c for tubs, and 14-15c for prints.

-FRUITS AND VEGETABLES-

Supplies of fruits and vegetables were somewhat lighter than last week. Demand was only moderate, but with the exception of California lettuce, which was plentiful, all leading lines were somewhat scarce. A few commodities including cabbage, cauliflower and sweet potatoes, advanced in price.

Apple supplies have been lighter and the market has been on a firmer tone as a result. Fancy Maine and New Hampshire Apples were especially scarce. Apples were sold at 15c-17c, while No. 1 and No. 2 were 12c-14c. A few Apples and sold 15c-16c, while No. 1 Apples brought 15c-16c, with a few best selling 16c-17c. A barrel of Apples at 10c-11c and carrots at 10c-11c. A bushel of Apples from Maine and a barrel of Apples from New York were 15c-16c. Apples were 15c-16c, and Savoy at 15c-16c. A barrel of cauliflower was 15c-16c. Apples were 15c-16c, and Savoy at 15c-16c. A barrel of cauliflower was 15c-16c.

Native berries were scarce and ordinary white native berries were 15c-16c, and good native berries were 16c-17c. A barrel of Apples at 10c-11c and carrots at 10c-11c. A bushel of Apples from Maine and a barrel of Apples from New York were 15c-16c. Apples were 15c-16c, and Savoy at 15c-16c. A barrel of cauliflower was 15c-16c.

The legal controversy over Charles Ponzi, former "wizard of finance" was placed directly before United States supreme court by the United States circuit court of appeals, Boston, which issued a statement inquiring, in effect, whether Ponzi may be put on trial by the state of Massachusetts while he is still serving a federal sentence. On the decision of the supreme court, when it is returned, will be based the opinion of the circuit court, and no appeal, either by Ponzi or state prosecutor, can be made from this opinion.

Homicides in the United States during 1920 totalled approximately 5000, a decrease of 500 from the 1919 record. The figures showed Memphis Tenn., still in the lead with a killing record of 63.4 persons for every 100,000 of population. The safest of 31 cities for which figures were tabulated, was Rochester, N. Y., where the rate was but 1.3 for every 100,000.

Tabulations for the period 1915-1919, grouped geographically, showed the New England states to be the most law abiding so far as homicides was concerned, with a rate of 2.8 for each 100,000. The southern group had the highest rate 10.5, in the Middle Atlantic States the rate was 5.1; central states, 6.1; Rocky Mountain states, 9.4 and Pacific coast states, 9.2.

Herbert C. Parsons addressing the Massachusetts Civic League on "State Control of Penal Institutions" charged failure on the part of county houses of correction to meet the plainest demands of helpful correctional treatment. "They utterly fail," he said, "to provide such classification as is the first requirement and they lack the facilities for treatment that is varied according to the needs of the men. Their failure is due, not to any fault in the purpose of the county officials. It is unavoidable because of the small miscellaneous groups. The movement is not against county government in general. It is not an attack on local self-government. It raises the question whether this particular work is best done, or even well done, in separate institutions by 14 different governing boards. The classification of prisoners is undertaken in the state system. It has not been carried to the fullest possible and desirable extent.

A large part of the state of Vermont is now practically a great Christmas tree farm, according to the American Forestry association, and one which is being badly overworked. This state furnishes annually about 6,000,000 trees for decorative purposes. These trees are by far the most profitable crop which many hill sections of the state can grow, but unless the cutting is better regulated, the association says, the crop will be exhausted. Reforestation of large areas and better fire protection are also needed.

Walter H. Western, former president of Smith & Wesson, pistol manufacturers, and eldest son of the late Daniel B. Western, founder of the firm, is dead in Springfield, Mass. aged 71. He was a former alderman and park commissioner, and served on the commission that created the municipal group. He had been associated with the pistol manufactory since leaving school.

HANFORD MAC NIDER

New National Commander
of the American Legion.

Hanford MacNider of Mason City, Ia., is the new national commander of the American Legion. The president of an investment banking company in civilian life, he won nine separate citations for valor while he was in the army and rose from second lieutenant to lieutenant colonel of infantry during his term of service in the Second Division. He was born October 2, 1880, and is a graduate of Harvard.

FIRST BUDGET CALLS FOR \$3,505,754,727

Dawes's Figures for 1923 Reveal Reduced Estimates, \$462,167,639; Deficit, \$167,571,977.

Washington.—Expenditures of the government during the fiscal year 1923 will be upward of \$3,500,000,000 less than in 1922 and about \$2,000,000,000 below the total for 1921 on the basis of the budget submitted by President Harding.

The budget contemplates total expenditures of \$3,505,754,727, exclusive of postal expenditures, or \$4,081,002,793, including postal expenditures. Director of the Budget Charles G. Dawes cut \$122,806,310 from the original estimates of the department.

The estimates show an excess of expenditures over revenues for the fiscal year 1923 of \$167,571,977. During the fiscal year 1922 there is in prospect an excess of expenditures over receipts of \$24,408,703.

The budget marks a new epoch in the affairs of the government, being the first to be submitted under the new law, which gives the President authority, through the Budget Bureau, to revise departmental estimates, with a view of keeping expenditures within probable revenues.

Throughout his report Director of the Budget Dawes emphasizes the part played by executive pressure upon the various departments about economies and the institution of business methods.

President Harding in a brief message to Congress transmitting the report of the director of the Bureau of the Budget comments on the reductions in governmental expenditures in prospect.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

BERLIN.—The population of Vienna, according to confidential advice reaching here, is so desperate that the overthrow of the government and the formation of a soviet may have to be reckoned with.

PARIS.—Germany will probably be granted a three years' delay in her cash indemnity payments, the Associated Press is informed from the most reliable source. Negotiations are now going on between the reparations officials of France and Great Britain, believing that Germany must have a breathing spell to enable her to overcome her difficulties.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Marshal Foch was the guest of San Francisco and the bay cities.

VIENNA.—Business in most districts of Vienna is being done behind barricaded windows. The fear of further plundering continues to hang heavily over the city. The mere shout "plunderers are coming" started a panic.

NEW YORK.—The cash gift circulation campaigns conducted by The New York American and The Chicago Examiner, owned by William Randolph Hearst, New York Daily News and The Chicago Tribune were discontinued.

TOKIO.—The government has decided to leave the ratio of warships entirely in the hands of Admiral Baron Kato for decision, and has communicated to him to that effect, according to apparently authentic reports current here.

ATLANTA, Ga.—William Joseph Simmons, nominal head of the order, left Atlanta to be absent until Christmas, leaving a brief note, putting Clarke in charge of Ku Klux Klan affairs during his absence.

PARIS.—Premier Briand, back in Paris, reports his trip to the United States was a complete success.

Fire in a barn adjoining Fairholt, Burlington, Vt., the summer residence of Henry Holt, New York publisher, damaged property and livestock valued at \$25,000. The barn and other nearby buildings were saved. About 50 animals, including three pure bred Ayreshires, were lost.

BIG THREE IN NAVAL ACCORD

Will Cease Philippine and Guam Fortification Work if Japan Limits Her Forts.

U. S. OFFERS CONCESSIONS

Abandonment of Alliance Between Japan and England Forecast—Understanding as to Pacific Peace Apparently Reached.

Washington.—Secretary of State Hughes, Arthur J. Balfour and Admiral Baron Kato, after a prolonged conference at the State Department, brought the negotiations of the United States, Great Britain and Japan upon naval reduction to a crucial stage, which foreshadows the announcement of a complete agreement on every essential point.

From a semi-official source it was learned that the outlook for a naval agreement was "very favorable."

There is good reason to believe that the agreement which it is believed has been practically completed will go further than an acceptance of the 5-5-3 naval ratio proposed by Secretary Hughes.

There are indications that Great Britain and Japan have agreed upon the abandonment of the Anglo-Japanese alliance and the substitution of an understanding among the United States, Great Britain and Japan. That will not be in the form of an entangling alliance, but will be none the less a guaranty of future peace in the Pacific. It will be based upon mutual understanding and good will.

Future conferences to iron out any differences that may arise, with the understanding that the three leading naval powers will act together to preserve peace, are to be the basis of the new understanding.

The Anglo-Japanese alliance has naturally played a most important part in the Washington conference. As the ally of Japan, England would be obliged to stand loyally by Japan in support of any effort Japan might make here to obtain recognition from the United States of Japan's special interests in the Far East as they are represented to be in the terms of the alliance. The treaty provides for every necessary consultation between the two governments on questions affecting the interests of either and which are comprehended in the alliance.

The theory of the alliance as an explanation of Japan's position in regard to naval ratio is accepted in some well informed quarters, and it has received support from British intimations that it might be reasonable to give to Japan certain assurances in order to obtain Japan's adhesion to the naval armaments limitation proposal.

Conversations between China and Japan on Shantung entered the crucial stage and were believed to be making good progress toward complete understanding.

It was decided that the conference should take up the question of abolition of poison gas in warfare after the projected Christmas recess.

DR. COPELAND FAVORS CORSETS

Widely Known Authority on Health States Reasons.

New York.—The woman who favors the use of the corset may have no fear of dire physical results, according to Dr. Royal B. Copeland, Health Commissioner of Greater New York, and the most widely known authority on general health in America. In reply to a query put to him recently, Dr. Copeland said:

"I believe the present style corset, when properly fitted, is of distinct benefit to the average woman. It is a flexible affair, containing no heavy steel stays, and covering only the hips and abdomen. It serves as a brace for the wearer and, at the same time, gives a slight twist to the which tends smartness to the figure. It does not interfere with deep breathing, nor does it compress or distort the organs as did the tight-laced corset of years ago. I am sure it tends to trimness and a sense of being well dressed. When a woman is well dressed her mind is at ease, and an easy mind is conducive to health."

SUPREME COURT KITS PICKETS

Only Lawful When Workers Are Not Interfered With.

Washington.—Organized labor has no right to picket during a strike, when it involves importunity, the Supreme Court declared in an appeal by the American Steel Foundries Company growing out of a strike at its plant at Granite City, Ill. The court declared no broad rule could be laid down in the matter of picketing, but that each case must be considered on its merits.

PUBLIC DEBT MOUNTS

\$159,937,229 Added In November, Reports Treasury.

Washington.—There was an increase of \$159,937,229 in the gross public debt during the month of November. The total gross debt on November 30 amounted to \$23,610,955,725.87. Treasury certificates outstanding on November 30 totaled \$2,258,730,000, of which \$1,565,222,500 were in tax certificates, \$576,437,500 in loan certificates and \$126,000,000 in the Pittman act certificates.

Harold Eastman, a farmer, 24, of Stow, Me., was taken for a deer and killed while hunting with Sidney Sanborn and Erville Fernald on Rattlesnake mountain. Both thought he was a deer and Fernald is reported to have fired. They went in from the Carroll, N. H. side of the mountain.

DR. MARIE O. STOPES

Head of Society for Constructive Birth Control.



Dr. Marie O. Stopes, leader of the Society for Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress, and who declared in London that limitation of armaments and reduction of taxes can be obtained by birth control, has come to this country at the invitation of the Voluntary Parenthood League.

DIE AS TRAIN CRASH IS FOLLOWED BY FLAMES

Head-On Wreck In Frozen Cut on Reading Finds Passengers Penned Inside Coaches.

Philadelphia.—Additional bodies recovered from the smoldering debris, and deaths of two of the injured, increased to twenty-two the list of fatalities after a head-on collision between Philadelphia & Reading railway suburban passenger trains.

Four of the twenty-five or more injured were reported to be in a critical condition.

With few exceptions the bodies were burned beyond recognition. The only method of identification was by a check up of those known to have been aboard the trains.

Most of the victims lived at Southampton and Newtown, small towns about twenty miles from Philadelphia. A canvass of the residents to learn who boarded the ill-fated trains was being made at both places.

Investigations by officials of the company to fix responsibility were declared to be "progressing," but other than the statement that the southbound train apparently had overrun its orders, no announcement was forthcoming as to the results of the inquiries.

W. C. Becker, division superintendent, who was at the scene of the wreck virtually all day, said he had seen fifteen bodies taken out of the wreckage.

"My men tell me there were twenty-two in all," he added. "I fear those who remain under the burned coaches will no longer be separate bodies. Some no doubt have been burned to cinders."

Most of the victims perished, not in the first impact, but in the flames which broke out almost immediately afterward.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Supreme Court upheld Virginia law regulating the planting of oyster beds in waters of that state.

The Shipping Board is asking for an appropriation of \$50,000,000 for the emergency shipping fund for the fiscal year 1923, under estimates submitted to Congress in the budget.

Philip Tyau, secretary general of the Chinese delegation to the conference, has resigned. In a cablegram to the Peking government Tyau complains that the conference is now entering upon its fourth week without having made any progress toward the adjustment of China's difficulties.

Under special permission of orders issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroads of the United States were authorized to carry out their proposal to make a general reduction of 10 per cent on agricultural products.

Lloyd George will not attend the Washington conference. The State Department already has been informed that the British premier will be unable to visit the United States at this time, because of the very protracted Irish question.

Farm implements valued at \$46,278,000 were exported during 1920.

Despite extraordinary progress in the last twenty-three years, the Filipino people have a long road to travel before they will be ready to take over their own government, according to the report made by Major General Leonard Wood, governor general of the islands, and W. Cameron Forbes, former governor general.

In the opinion of President Harding the conference is going very well and, if anything, rather too fast in view of the many questions pending. The President is perfectly optimistic about the outcome of the conference, he told friends.

An oak tree, one of the landmarks in Southboro, Mass., was destroyed during the recent storm, when it was overburdened by the snow and ice and crashed to the ground. John P. Burnett, owner of the tree, stated that a tree expert placed the age of the tree at 300 years.

JUDGE DISMISSES ARBuckle JURY

Foreman Says Woman Juror Who Wouldn't Consider Evidence Blocked Acquittal.

NEW TRIAL SET FOR JAN. 9

Deliberates 41 Hours—22 Ballots Taken—Defendant Calls Disagreement 'Moral Acquittal'—Woman Juror, Makes Charges.

San Francisco.—After forty-one hours of deliberation the seven men and five women on the jury which tried Roscoe C. (Patty) Arbuckle on a charge of manslaughter following the death of Virginia Rappe was discharged when they were unable to agree on a verdict.

The jury was brought into court at its own request at noon, reported disagreement and asked that it be discharged. The foreman announced that the final ballot stood ten to two, but he did not say whether the majority favored conviction or acquittal.

The members of the jury refused to make statements of any kind before leaving the building, and were taken to their homes in automobiles; but afterward Foreman Fritz made the following statement:

"I make this statement as a duty to the public.

"There was a tacit understanding that the members of the jury would not make individual statements. I have learned since that a number of the jury have, however, done so, and I believe, as foreman, that it is well for those interested in the administration of justice that the citizens of San Francisco should have the facts.

"The ten members of the jury who voted on the last ballot for acquittal felt that they voted on the evidence—fully considering it all. One of the two minority refused to consider the evidence from the beginning and said, at the opening of the proceedings, that she would cast her ballot and would not change it until hell froze over. The other was fluctuating, sometimes casting a blank ballot, sometimes voting for the defense and sometimes voting for the prosecution.

"Considering all the evidence, it seemed to us that the prosecution's case was an insult to the intelligence of the jury. It asked us to substitute conjecture for facts without showing what had been done, and asked us to guess what might have been done and guess only one way.

"Human liberty and American rights should depend not upon the guesses of anybody, but upon evidence."

"While this, through the technicalities of the law, is not a legal acquittal, morally it is such," Arbuckle said. "The undisputed and uncontested testimony established that my only connection with the sad affair was one of a merciful service and the fact that ordinary human kindness should have brought upon me this tragedy has seemed a cruel wrong."

After stating that he rested his cause "in divine justice and the confidence of the fairness of the American people," Arbuckle ended with the declaration that "no act of mine ever has, and I promise that no act of mine ever shall, cause them to regret their faith in me."

\$100,000 LIBEL SUIT SETTLED

Fairbanks Eliminates Caption Poking Fun at Soothing Syrup.

New York.—An announcement was made of a settlement of the \$100,000 libel action brought by the Anglo-American Drug Company, makers of Mrs. Winslow's Syrup for Children, against the United Artists Corporation, as producers of the Douglas Fairbanks Feature Film "The Nut."

The suit was the result of an objection on the part of the plaintiff, to a caption referring to the alleged artificial sleep producing qualities of the syrup. The Drug Company pointed out that their remedy, as it contained no narcotics, produced sleep only by the natural means of aiding the child's digestive tract.

Settlement was effected by the withdrawal of the caption in question, and by a statement on the part of the United Artists Corporation that the motive inspiring the use of the caption was merely one of innocent fun.

Rear Admiral Henry A. Wiley, just graduated from the Naval War College, Newport, R. I., who has been named as commandant of the First Naval District to succeed Rear Admiral Albert Gleaves will assume command on Dec. 31.



Cuticura Soap Shampoos Best For Children

If you wish them to have thick, healthy hair through life shampoo regularly with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Before shampooing touch spots of dandruff and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment. A clean, healthy scalp usually means good hair.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories," Dept. 912, P. O. Box 161, Lowell, Mass. Write for Free Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Cuticura Soap shaves without soap.

The Savings Bank of Newport, R. I.

INCORPORATED 1819

DEPOSITS

October 14, 1920	October 14, 1921	Increase
\$11,413,606.69	\$12,170,081.74	\$756,475.06

At 4 1/2% per annum

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

BANK YOUR DOLLARS WEEKLY

with the Industrial Trust Company—then you know that they are safe and constantly growing at interest. What you accumulate now provides comforts for your later years.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232, Thames Street Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

NEW ENGLAND NEWS IN TABLOID FORM

News of General Interest
From the Six States

Boston's district population places it in the fourth place in the list of the Nation's greatest population centers, according to a bulletin issued by the National Geographic Society.

Three children of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Harding were burned to death when an overheated kitchen stove set fire to their home, No. Beverly, Mass., while their mother was purchasing provisions at a store some distance away.

William H. Campbell, 72, who, in a fit of despondency shot himself several days ago, died, a suicide by hanging, rather than go to Boston City Hospital, where the police were about to take him as a helpless and friendless person.

Charles F. Mason, Harvard '82, bur-sar of Harvard University, affectionately known to thousands of Harvard men, who has handled billions there, is to retire on June 12 next, at the close of his 34th year of service in his present position, and will be on leave of absence from active duty during the period from Dec. 1 to June 12.

The hunting season in Maine exacted a toll of 14 lives, five more than last year. Four hunters were killed in mistake for deer, three accidentally shot themselves one was accidentally killed by a companion, a game warden was killed by the overturning of his automobile, two were drowned, two died from exhaustion and exposure and one was lost in the woods.

Mrs. E. M. Richards of West Newton, Mass., has recovered a part of the jewelry, valued at \$1500, which was stolen from her home on Thanksgiving afternoon. The articles were found behind some shrubbery on Bedford street near Hill street Lexington, Mass., by J. B. Fitzgerald and Earle and Joseph Hardy, all of Lexington. The boys showed the jewelry to their parents, who in turn communicated with the police.

Retail meat prices advertised in St. Paul newspapers at from one-half to one-fifth the prices charged in Boston caused astonishment among Boston retailers who profess themselves unable to account for the wide discrepancy in food prices in the two cities. Asked why Boston retail meat prices should be twice to five times higher than the advertised prices in St. Paul, dealers throw up their hands. They might guess, they said, but they did not know. They declared that even the wholesale prices in Boston did not match the retail prices in St. Paul.

The Industrial Accident Board has made one of its smallest awards on record under the terms of the workmen's compensation act, 61 cents a week to the daughter of a Springfield, Mass., man killed while engaged in regular employment. Ordinarily dependents of a deceased employee are entitled to receive \$10 a week for 500 weeks. But in this instance the girl's mother deserted the father in 1913, and the girl has been living with her mother in Canada. The father obtained a divorce and the mother remarried.

REACH IRISH AGREEMENT

Sinn Fein and British Cabinet Hold Important Conference.

London.—At a conference between the Sinn Fein delegates and Lloyd George and other members of the British cabinet, an agreement was reached upon which a final settlement of the Irish question will be brought about.

Lloyd George accepted practically all of the amendments suggested by the Sinn Fein cabinet and rushed to London by Arthur Griffith.

FORD RHINE IN SOUTH

Would Make Tennessee River Team With Barges.

Florence, Ala.—Henry Ford told how he will provide work for more than 1,000,000 men if the government allows him to purchase the Muscle Shoals nitrate plants. Following closely in importance is his vision on the development of the Tennessee River and the South. His plans would make of the Tennessee a second Rhine, teaming with freight barges with factories dotting its banks.

Hello, Freckles!

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD.

© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

"HELLO, HELLO, FRECKLES!"

That was what it began with—the long love affair between Perry Hampton and Sally Preston, which later became so woefully tangled with money matters and isolation in the wilderness and Rev. Horace Crane.

But back to the day of first things. Perry Hampton, by some chance, had been dumped without ceremony into the Misses HME's select kindergarten, and, standing, a small, shy, brown-headed stranger, on the outskirts of a mule circle, had been extended to him a little invitation.

"Hello, Freckles!" the dearest voice he had ever heard addressed him. And straightaway in love fell Master Perry with Miss Sarah V. Preston, who was as adorable at five as she was later at nineteen.

And yet it was when Sally was nineteen that Perry did her a cold good-by. Not that he meant it coldly. No, indeed! Only the barrier between them—it was Perry who thought of it that way—loomed to the man as insurmountable, at least until he had wrested a comfortable livelihood for two years from his civil engineering. For Sarah was scheduled to inherit a considerable fortune from an old and established aunt who lived in seclusion up in the country and seemed liable to a quick demise at any moment. And a stubborn Don Quixotism in Perry kept his mouth closed on the declarations of love which surged within him until he could back them with offerings more substantial.

Their farewell conversation was tragically restrained, its chief importance—and poignancy—lying in what was left unsaid.

"Yes, Sally, I'm off tomorrow to the Rockies."

"So soon?" Sally bit an under lip, which might otherwise have quivered.

"The sooner the better," returned Perry, almost savagely. "It's my first

big job—damming an undamnable river. Pre got to make good!"

"I—I wish you luck, Perry!" Midway she checked the impulse to utter words which would have brought Perry's arms about her in spite of himself.

"When I come back," began Perry, "when I come back—I'll let you know."

"Why, of course," said Sally in surprise, "and we'll be writing back and forth all the time!"

So it was with the promise of frequent letters ringing in his ears that Perry finally took himself away, permitting only ever so slight and prolonged pressure of his fingers to convey the yearning and love with which his heart was filled.

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Perry, at first frantic, then sunk in depths of gloom, plunged bitterly into his task until his completion was in sight and his return home made possible. His one desire was to see Sally and learn the explanation of her silence.

Came the night before his departure. Sitting in the doorway of the shanty that was headquarters for the rude construction camp, he spied one of the boys coming up the trail, and his heart leaped at the thought of possible mail.

But, after all, what he had hoped would be letters proved only a bundle of newspapers many days old. Suddenly, at an inconspicuous item, his universe spun dizzily around.

"Married—on the 28th, Miss Sarah V. Preston, to the Rev. Horace Crane."

It couldn't be! Merciful heavens—his Sally, whom he had loved since childhood! And yet, there it was, in cold black and white for everyone to read. Forcing the unwelcome conviction of its truth upon him, it flashed across his mind that here lay the reason for her failure to write. Engaged to another man who should share with her the bright future that had been

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"Tinkle—tinkle—tinkle—!" The telephone bell attached to the instrument only just installed with great difficulty jangled in the room behind him. So recent had its acquisition been that Perry had not yet become accustomed to his reconnection with the outside world.

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"You mean the Mrs. Rev. Horace Crane," said Perry sternly, with what he considered great presence of mind.

Was it a giggle or a sob or an exclamation at the other end? Perry was not sure. But there followed a moment of silence, which is an expensive luxury in a long-distance conversation. Then, "Oh, Perry, Perry! My aunt!"

Unfortunately, at that moment occurred one of those breaks in communication which will happen on the best-regulated lines. In vain Perry sought for a response. Not even the operator answered.

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A week later Perry learned from Sally's lips that his surmises were substantially correct. "Only why, dear," he reproached her tenderly, "did you stop writing and so give me reason to believe what seemed incredible?"

"My dear," said his promised wife, "I had to do something to startle you. You were so stupid, dear!"

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Man Will Do Very Much Better Work After a Change of Scene and Interest.

Are you sure that you are not keeping your nose down in your work just a little too closely and unintermittently? A great many people do, so that there is just a chance that you might be of the number. You ought to lift your head and look around you, at least occasionally; indeed, you ought once in a while to run away from your job and get the relief and freshness that can come through change of scene and interest. Of course, your work is vastly important, and we would not advise you really to neglect it, but there is a chance of your getting a little too fussy about it, and taking both it and yourself a little too seriously. There are a great many things in the world that are vastly important besides the work that you are doing, and you ought to be interested in and having something to do with many of them, for the business that shuts them out of your life may not be as necessary or as wise as you are inclined to think it is. One thing is very certain; you will see to do your own worth-while work more satisfactorily if you do not keep too unintermittently close to it. Looking out and up will surely help.—Montreal Herald.

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"North Woods" Long Unexplored.

It is a somewhat singular fact that the Adirondacks, situated in the most populous state of the Union and today an irresistible attraction to thousands remained for some 200 years after their discovery by Samuel de Champlain virtually unpenetrated by the white man. The Indian, too, used the region sparingly as a place of sojourn, the existence of only one Indian settlement, and that a temporary one, being definitely known. Pike's peak in the inaccessible west was ascended by members of Major Long's party nearly two decades before Mount Marcy, the loftiest mountain not merely of the Adirondacks but of all New York state, was scaled. It was actually not until 1872 that Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds, the highest pond-source of the Hudson river was discovered, secluded in the Adirondacks.

Oil Pipe Line for Mexico.

A Mexican pipe line is being planned by Clay T. Yerby of Los Angeles, who has been granted a concession by the Mexican government. The pipe line is to run from Puerto Mexico, on the Gulf coast, to Salina Cruz, on the shore of the Pacific. It is said that the pipe line will follow the Tehuantepec railroad. Work on the first pipe line, a 10-inch line, will begin at once and will be completed within 20 months. The estimated cost of the work will be \$10,000,000, and it is pointed out that by means of the pipe line the time of transporting oil from the east to the west coast of Mexico will be cut by 11 days and the distance covered will be 2,300 miles less than through the Panama canal.—Scientific American.

Unhealthy Not To.

Tourist (in mining town)—Is this a good, healthy place to settle in?

Hotelkeeper—It is, stranger. Fact is, you can't get away from here alive unless you go south.—Wall Street Journal.

They Liked Leeks.

Owing to the fondness of the Celtic tribes for the leek their descendants, the Welsh, retain it as an emblem of their nationality. The leek or leek was an important vegetable and the Anglo-Saxons called their gardens "leek gardens."

No Longer Appropriate.

An Indian named Man-Afraid-of-Nothing married a white woman in Montana not long ago, and in one week after the wedding he applied to his tribe to have his name changed.—Boston Transcript.

Spied One of the Boys.

big job—damming an undamnable river. Pre got to make good!"

"I—I wish you luck, Perry!" Midway she checked the impulse to utter words which would have brought Perry's arms about her in spite of himself.

"When I come back," began Perry, "when I come back—I'll let you know."

"Why, of course," said Sally in surprise, "and we'll be writing back and forth all the time!"

So it was with the promise of frequent letters ringing in his ears that Perry finally took himself away, permitting only ever so slight and prolonged pressure of his fingers to convey the yearning and love with which his heart was filled.

For a while letters from Sally reached Perry regularly. He responded promptly with long, interesting accounts of his work—the progress made, the obstacles surmounted. Then, without warning, the letters stopped.

Perry, at first frantic, then sunk in depths of gloom, plunged bitterly into his task until his completion was in sight and his return home made possible. His one desire was to see Sally and learn the explanation of her silence.

Came the night before his departure. Sitting in the doorway of the shanty that was headquarters for the rude construction camp, he spied one of the boys coming up the trail, and his heart leaped at the thought of possible mail.

But, after all, what he had hoped would be letters proved only a bundle of newspapers many days old. Suddenly, at an inconspicuous item, his universe spun dizzily around.

"Married—on the 28th, Miss Sarah V. Preston, to the Rev. Horace Crane."

It couldn't be! Merciful heavens—his Sally, whom he had loved since childhood! And yet, there it was, in cold black and white for everyone to read. Forcing the unwelcome conviction of its truth upon him, it flashed across his mind that here lay the reason for her failure to write. Engaged to another man who should share with her the bright future that had been

his? Rev. Horace Crane? Who was he? Well—oh, no, surely that could not be the man. And yet—Perry called to mind a gaunt, elderly person who preached in the church to which he had frequently accompanied Sally. But the thought of his fresh, girlish sweetheart married to that man

was bitter to Perry.

"Tinkle—tinkle—tinkle—!" The telephone bell attached to the instrument only just installed with great difficulty jangled in the room behind him. So recent had its acquisition been that Perry had not yet become accustomed to his reconnection with the outside world.

"Hello—hello—hello!"

"Hello, Freckles!"

Perry had a sensation of faintness. "Who—who is this?" he managed to say, knowing, of course, it wasn't the one person; he knew it wasn't.

"Why—Sally Preston!"

"You mean the Mrs. Rev. Horace Crane," said Perry sternly, with what he considered great presence of mind.

Was it a giggle or a sob or an exclamation at the other end? Perry was not sure. But there followed a moment of silence, which is an expensive luxury in a long-distance conversation. Then, "Oh, Perry, Perry! My aunt!"

Unfortunately, at that moment occurred one of those breaks in communication which will happen on the best-regulated lines. In vain Perry sought for a response. Not even the operator answered.

But Perry was too happy to care. He saw it all now—the aunt for whom Sally was named coming on a visit, meeting her niece's pastor, and marrying him in spite of her age and witheredness! And, happy thought, her marriage would direct at least a portion of that troublesome legacy into other channels. He was free to ask Sally to marry him!

A week later Perry learned from Sally's lips that his surmises were substantially correct. "Only why, dear," he reproached her tenderly, "did you stop writing and so give me reason to believe what seemed incredible?"

"My dear," said his promised wife, "I had to do something to startle you. You were so stupid, dear!"

Yet, after all, most men in love are a little bit stupid.

TAKE TIME TO LOOK AROUND

Man Will Do Very Much Better Work After a Change of Scene and Interest.

Are you sure that you are not keeping your nose down in your work just a little too closely and unintermittently? A great many people do, so that there is just a chance that you might be of the number. You ought to lift your head and look around you, at least occasionally; indeed, you ought once in a while to run away from your job and get the relief and freshness that can come through change of scene and interest. Of course, your work is vastly important, and we would not advise you really to neglect it, but there is a chance of your getting a little too fussy about it, and taking both it and yourself a little too seriously. There are a great many things in the world that are vastly important besides the work that you are doing, and you ought to be interested in and having something to do with many of them, for the business that shuts them out of your life may not be as necessary or as wise as you are inclined to think it is. One thing is very certain; you will see to do your own worth-while work more satisfactorily if you do not keep too unintermittently close to it. Looking out and up will surely help.—Montreal Herald.

"North Woods" Long Unexplored.

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST

302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desiring of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, Newport, R. I.

WHY

Species of Birds Should Not Be Persecuted.

Owls as a group have long been persecuted by man, but never has a persecution been more unjust," says the biological survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, which recently determined what 475 birds were "bad for winter." Here is the result:

Meadow lark, 1,110; house lark, 452; house sparrow, 194; other small mammals, three per owl. The service done by the barn owl, the Survey booklet says, is typical of that performed by hawks and owls in general. An occasional chicken is consumed, but this loss is far outweighed by the destruction of harmful rodents.

The sparrow, says the Survey, should not be regarded as a pest. The single exception to the indorsement is the pesky English sparrow of that species, "usually a nuisance and often injurious," says the booklet. "Farm Help From the Birds." The English sparrow is but one member of the large family of sparrows and its habits are by no means characteristic of the native species.

They are essentially seed eaters, the sparrows, but they consume also a fair proportion of insects, the department finds, and in general must be regarded as beneficial. Separating the sheep from the goats in the feathered kingdom of common knowledge to the farmer, the department places among the bad birds the jays, crows, ravens, and blackbirds, a cornfield guard compared with the army of good birds, who aid the farmer. Even the bad drovers of the air have some good in them, says the department, and the damage they do the farmer is largely because of over-population in the feathered ranks. Of that class, the department says:

"It would seem a good policy, to accord them the same treatment long given the common crow. The crow is not specially persecuted, neither is it protected. About the best that can be said of birds of this family is that on the average they do about as much good as harm."

POWER OF LITTLE THINGS

How Trifles Have Brought About Momentous Changes in the Destinies of Nations.

The destinies of nations have turned on the most trivial things imaginable. Here are a few examples of unusual interest, London Answers states:

The beauty of Helen of Troy caused a terrible war and "launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Ilium." The war lasted for ten years.

The oak tree that sheltered Charles Stuart from his pursuers after the fight at Worcester made possible the return of the Stuarts to the throne of England.

The mole which made the molehill in Hushy park that caused William II.'s horse to stumble, and so brought about the king's death, was long a famous toast among the Jacobites. The toast was to "the little gentleman in the velvet coat."

Then, again, the geese in the capitol of Rome saved the city by their timely quacking.

The beauty of Cleopatra led to the fall of noble Mark Anthony; the steam from Watt's kettle altered the world's ideas of locomotives and the wave ripple in a pond led Marconi to experiment with the electro-magnetic waves of wireless telegraphy.

Truly, from little things do big events derive!

Why Chinese Esteem Jade.

When Confucius was asked why Jade was so highly esteemed he replied in effect: "It is because in ancient times the wise compared the virtues of humanity to jade; its hardness represents the firmness of intelligence; the sharpness of its angles symbolizes justice; pearls of jade when worn represent ceremonial; its sound, pure and sonorous, with its peculiarity of ceasing abruptly, is the emblem of music; its splendor resembles the sky; and its substance, drawn from mountain and stream, represents the earth."

Jade was conspicuous in religious and ceremonial use as far back as the Shang dynasty, 18 centuries before the Christian era.—From a Bulletin of the City Art Museum, St. Louis.

Confessions of a Cynic.

I am very fond of dynamite fire crackers when they are shot off over in the next state.

I like humid weather, but not in a selfish way. I would just as soon let the other people have some of it.

I always read all the fiction magazines I can get. I think the ads are very interesting.

I never worry about little things—like microbes. There are so many bigger things that are worth while.

I would like to know what kind of a battle fleet a Pacific fleet is, anyhow.

I have never had time to play golf, and don't believe I have missed very much.—New York Mail.

SOIL SURVEY IS AID TO FARMERS

Prospective Purchasers Find Them Great Assistance in Selecting New Farms.

VARIOUS TYPE SOILS SHOWN

Work of Surveying Party is Revised by Inspectors and Finally Passed Upon by a Committee—May Be Had for Asking.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
Are you thinking of buying a farm? Maybe you are purchasing one for the first time, or perhaps you are selling your high-priced acres in the corn belt and reinvesting in cheaper lands in another state. In either case there is a very helpful companion you can take with you on the inspection trip—a soil survey report of the region you are going into, prepared by the bureau of soils, United States Department of Agriculture, in co-operation with state agencies.

An Unbiased Counselor.
It is a counselor whose advice is absolutely unbiased. Its judgment is not only in black and white, but in connection with the report is a colored soil map. This consists of a base, showing the salient natural features of the area surveyed, and the towns, houses, roads, railways and other artificial features. The various areas of the different types of soil are outlined and colored.

Ordinarily the survey covers a single county. A surveying party, consisting usually of two men, visit every part of the chosen area, tracing and locating the soil boundaries, taking samples of the soil and of the subsoil to a depth of three feet in the West, and to six feet in the Far West. They identify the various types of soil, so far as may be done from field examination. The work is revised by inspectors, who visit the area from time to time, and is finally passed upon by a committee, who make certain that each soil is properly named.

There are in the United States 3,043 counties. Detailed surveys have been completed thus far in 920 counties. In this count have been included a few areas, each covering only a part of a county or parts of several counties.

In addition to the area surveyed in detail, about an equal extent of country has been covered by reconnaissance maps, the two together repre-



Sampling for Moisture Determination.

senting one-third the area of continental United States, and very much more than one-third of the arable lands of the nation. Before buying a farm it would be well to inquire of the department whether or not it had made a survey of the locality. If so, and the report has been published, it may be had for the asking.

It may be that in deciding to buy a farm a definite type of agriculture has been determined upon. Some questions will arise. Where can land best be suited for that type be found? Upon what soils can rice growing be safely and profitably undertaken, or the production of tobacco of the various kinds be followed, or the raising of hogs with alfalfa pasture as a feature in their management be engaged in?

Perhaps you would establish a commercial peach orchard in Georgia, embark upon the growing of long-staple cotton in South Carolina, or specialize in the production of asparagus, peppers, tomatoes for canning, or lima beans in New Jersey. The results of the soil survey will help you to select suitable land. The records of the department show a steadily increasing number of persons using its soil publications in this way.

CLEAN QUARTERS FOR SHEEP

Animals Will Not Thrive in Damp, Filthy or Poorly Ventilated Places.—Keep Dry.

Give some attention to the quarters where the sheep are housed in bad weather. Don't expect sheep to thrive in damp, filthy or poorly ventilated places. Sheep quarters must be kept clean, dry and well ventilated.

Asking Full Time.

Now the faddists are asking us to spend the first 15 minutes of the day in thinking. That isn't long enough. Make it an hour. By that time we would be ready to get up.—Leavenworth Times.

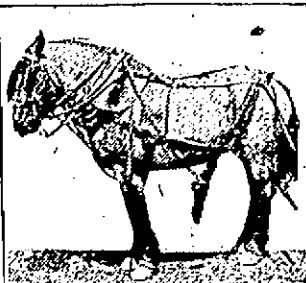
NEGLECT OF HARNESS LESSENS DURABILITY

It Is Best to Clean and Oil Frequently.

Department of Agriculture Recommends Use of Tepid Water, a Neutral Soap and Sponge or Fairly Stiff Brush.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
Neglect of harness results in injury that greatly lessens its durability. The sewing, which should have been done with strong waxed linen thread, must be kept in good condition. All buckles should remain solidly in place. It is advisable to wash and oil harness frequently.

For washing, the bureau of chemistry, United States Department of Agriculture, recommends the use of tepid water, a neutral soap, such as castile or white toilet soap, and a sponge or fairly stiff brush. Hardened grease is very conveniently removed by scraping with a dull knife. Rinse in clean, tepid water, and allow the harness to hang in a warm place until it is no longer wet, but still damp. Then oil it and leave it in a warm place for 24 hours before being used. Harness should be oiled or greased while still damp; otherwise it may take up so much grease that it will pull out of shape or take up sand and grit, which



Good Care of Harness Gives Longer Use and Better Service.

will injure it, as well as spoil its appearance. Harness should never look or feel greasy.

Neat-foot or castor oil or a mixture of these with wool grease is good for driving harness. For heavy harness use a mixture of tallow and cod oil, or neat-foot oil and tallow, or a mixture of any or all of these with wool grease to make a paste of about the consistency of butter. Apply the oil or grease lightly to driving harness and liberally to work harness. Rub the oil or grease, warm to the hand, thoroughly into the leather while it is still damp from the washing. After the harness has hung in a warm room overnight remove, with a clean, dry cloth, the excess of oil which the leather is unable to take up.

PLANS FOR FARM BUILDINGS

Save Inconvenience and Extra Expense by Figuring Out Amount of Space Needed.

During the long evenings of winter make plans for new farm buildings. Complete plans should be worked out for the building before any expensive foundations are put in, or else the result will be inconvenience and extra expense.

In building a barn, first figure out the number of horses and cows that will be kept, with any additional calves, bull pens and harness rooms. Then determine the amount of space needed for each and draw them out on paper. It will now be possible to provide alleys and driveways in the most convenient places. Great numbers of barns are built with too much room for cattle runways and other nonessential features that could be more cheaply provided in separate sheds. Plans in many cases have saved 10 or 20 feet of gable roof, and at the same time provided a much more convenient and useful building.

TAMPER FOR FILLING SILOS

Automatic Device Installed at Oregon College Does Work in Successful Manner.

An automatic tamper used in filling silos has proved successful at the Oregon Agricultural college. The tamper is the first one used in the state. It is said to increase the capacity of silos packed in the ordinary way 50 per cent. Not only does it pack uniformly, but it increases the keeping qualities through closer packing.

It works as a small steam roller which runs around on top of the ensilage as it is fed into the silo. The operator handles the tamper and the feeder at the same time, therefore cost of operation is not increased. The capacity of the silos at Oregon Agricultural college was increased 33.13 per cent over the previous record of close packing.

PUMPKINS AND SQUASH CARE

Good Place to Store Them Is on Shelf Behind Furnace—Guard Against Dry Rot.

Pumpkins and squash differ from other vegetables in their care during the winter, because they should be stored in a dry place. A good place to store them is on a shelf behind the furnace. If dry rot is detected in the pumpkins they should be removed immediately. Pumpkins properly stored will keep until the latter part of May.

Noise Eliminated.

"You charge more for board than you did last summer."

"The place offers more rest and comfort," answered Farmer Corntoss. "There ain't any election for guests to sit up all night and argue about."

IN EVENING DRESS

More Change in Formal Attire Than in Other Clothes

Skirts Longer and Draped—Most Extraordinarily—Two Opposing Styles to Choose From.

Evening dress is just beginning to appear and the few new examples now to be seen do nothing so much as whet our appetites for something more. There is more change about formal dress, perhaps, than about any other type of clothes. The skirts are longer (in fact some of them are very long) and they are draped most extraordinarily. Drapings on the bodices, drapings on the skirts, and even drapings on the sleeves, when there are sleeves, are the order of the day.

With two totally opposing styles in evening attire to choose from, the woman who is looking forward to dressing for many evening occasions has fortune with her. She can be the full-skirted, befrilled type of person, or she can be the sort who has draped and fitted velvets following closely the lines of her figure. Some there are who can change easily from one style to another, and there are those who must stick to either one assiduously.

The full-skirted evening gown is accomplished in many and varying ways. There are those made to keep their buoyant lines by means of actual supports in the way of cleverly hidden bonings. Then there are others made of silk so stiff that, of their own free will and accord, they keep the puffy lines that are so necessary. Others are done by means of many layers of chiffon in very full lines, posed over stiff tulle, that give them their full foundation, and never appear on the scene as a part of the actual dress.

One kind of evening dress seems so flimsy that it would blow away with a sudden breath of wind, but it is still so solid of foundation that it is that groundwork alone which supplies the frilled and ample flue. One of these was made from gold net, which material was used for the bodice and for the overskirt. Then, applied to the folds of that net, were clusters of little silk flowers so thickly and so deftly constructed that they were almost invisible, except as a sort of embroidery upon the flimsy surface of the



Orchid Greps and Chiffon Combine to Make a Full-Skirted Evening Dress.

net. All of this was draped and pulled over a foundation of silver cloth, and the metal shimmer of the latter, shining through the meshes of the transparent gold, was a thing to delight the eye. The evening lights caught the reflection so as to give it the look of a fairy gown under, perhaps, of mere cobwebby veillings.

AGAIN THE CLASSIC PSYCHE

Hair Combed Straight Back and Tied and Ears Exposed, Is Radical Paris Fashion.

Long skirts reaching to the ankle, full length, tight-fitting sleeves and high neck gowns are among the possibilities in new styles. Not only has Paris decreed these radical changes in dress, but it has also revolutionized the mode of dressing the hair.

The hair is combed straight back from the forehead, away from the ears, and tied in a psyche knot. The ear is "attractive, artistic and should not be hidden."

The designers predict a certain proportion of women, including those who constantly adopt the latest Parisian styles, will wear long skirts and even the tight-fitting sleeves and high neck gowns. The vast majority of women, especially the younger girls, will insist upon wearing their skirts short.

Princess Style Worn.

Dresses cut en princess, with fringes hanging from the waist across the back only, are often seen. One such model, made of dull cloth of gold, had the fringe made of gold spangles. Un-even hems are the rule, not the exception, these days, for day, as well as evening frocks.

Pine Tree Flag Used in Revolution.

A flag consisting of a white field with a pine tree in the center and the motto, "Appeal to Heaven," was flown by the first war vessels commissioned by General Washington at the beginning of the Revolution. It was called the pine tree flag and originated with the Massachusetts colony.

FROCK FOR THE YOUNG MISS



This is a charming and youthful frock that is sure to appeal to the younger women.

THREE-PIECE COSTUME LIKED

Feminine Daintiness About Outfit That Will Win Indorsement of Fashion Leaders.

One of the most interesting modes is revealed in the three-piece costume. No longer need one feel ill at ease when she removes her coat or cape, for beneath its folds is concealed a charming creation which is very different from the skirt and waist that has often militated against the use of the tailored suit. Of course the latter has its devotees as well as its particular uses, which are most admirable. However, there is a feminine daintiness about the three-piece costume that will, undoubtedly, win the indorsement of many leaders of fashion as the season advances.

In such creations, wonderful fabrics are combined and many of them are exceedingly beautiful. Those for the waist are often dazzlingly brilliant, while extreme richness marks the cape or coat that accompanies such an origination.

Of course, on the other hand, certain models are distinguished by great simplicity, for these costumes are destined to be worn on many and diverse occasions. Such a one may be cut from fine navy gabardine. The long coat is perfectly plain and is fashioned on the favored lines of the mamlarin. It is lined with black satin, which is revealed when the fronts fall apart, and this may also be glimpsed at the collar band. The bodice is of black satin with wide sleeves, while the skirt is plain. Such a costume is appropriate for both street or restaurant wear, different type hats adding to its tailored or dress appearance.

FASHION NOTES OF INTEREST

Lace veils and lace-draped hats are worn extensively.

Lace blouses are among the smartest of the dressy models shown for winter.

Platinum, steel and all of the darker grays, among which may be etched sphinx, are strong.

One lovely boudoir garment recently seen was of black velvet, cut quite straight and equipped with kimono sleeves.

Bonnet frocks for young girls increase in popularity each season. For cold weather wear this year some very practical little models made of corduroy are being shown.

The little hip-length, loosely cut fur coats continue to be popular, regardless of the fact that many novel styles in full-length garments are being shown this season.

The continent has been made that the hats must be worn far down on the head, especially the sailor and picture types that are fitted on the head to one side, almost to the exclusion of an eye and an ear.

Ear ornaments of one sort and another are distinctly approved by Dame Fashion this season, and among the new novelties are little tassels made of strings of very tiny seed pearls. The ends are often tipped with semi-precious stones in vivid color.

ANTIQUE EARRINGS THE MODE

Fashion Admits of Almost Every Form of Decoration; the Longer the Better.

Open grandmother's jewel box and take out the long, pendant earrings which were the pride of grandmother's heart, have screws attached, and wear the glittering trifles. Antique earrings are the models, on which the present day ornament is fashioned, only the mode includes almost every form of earring, the longer the better, the more decorative the more desirable, put them on with your prettiest after-noon frock and keep them on until bedtime.

The variations in the pendant range from the oblong hoop with inner loops, to the big circle. These often bear much ornamentation. Tassels of pearls, often bejeweled with rubies or emeralds, are replicas of antiques. One stunning pair shows a pear-shaped pendant, from the center of which swings a drop of jet.

Still in Trim.

It is useless to get a woman to agree to bury the hatchet as long as she has a falcon.

**Children Ory
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

HOW

SLANG PHRASES FINALLY ARE ADDED TO LANGUAGE.

—Nobody seems to know where the term "flivver" (meaning a cheap, flippant little car) originated, any more than there is a discoverable origin—at least by casual inquiry—of the source of the word "flitney." A flitney seems originally to have been the name of a nickel or five-cent piece. Flitney, presumably in reference to the fare, it has become transferred and is now applied to the miscellaneous vehicles, from small motorcars to charabancs, which ply for hire in a number of American cities in competition with established street car lines—a competition which has become so severe in some western towns that the street car companies are threatening to abandon their services.

But the American fecundity and ingenuity in coining new—and not seldom atrocious—words goes on with the same buoyancy as characterizes all American industry. We will, in courtesy, pass by President Harding's "normalcy"; but I have stayed in hotels which informed me that, besides a regular physician, there was both an "osteopath" and a "chiropractor" on the premises. You will hardly find an optician, who is not also an "optometrist." Perhaps the most fashionable branch of American dentistry just now is "orthodontia," which is practiced by "orthodontists."

Gentlemen who deal in land and house property who have heretofore been known, rather clumsily, as real estate agents, now call themselves (apparently without shame) "realtors." In certain cities there is a strong movement among the undertakers to have themselves recognized as "morticians." Added to the "Jago" (which, though having only recently become popular in England, has, at least half a century of current use to sanction it in the United States) and the more recent "Wop"—though you may see it spelled "Vap"—has now arisen the "Hunyak," a comprehensive ethnological term for, roughly, all European peoples who are not called Dagones, Scandinavians (more commonly "Sven-skies") or British.—From an American Edition of the London Times.

HAVE REAL PURPOSE IN LIFE

How the "Go-Getter" Succeeds Where Others of Equal Ability Find Themselves Failures.

There's no special secret about the go-getter. He doesn't measure income by hours. Time for him is opportunity. He never has enough of it. Every working hour is turned to account. It's no wonder he gets the respect of men and a bank account. That's the evidence that he's a go-getter.

Most folks rejoice when a big opportunity opens for them. The go-getter has feelings and aspirations just like any other fellow, only he never wastes time wishing that ought to be spent in doing.

There's something inspiring about go-getting. A youthful loiterer the other day was teased into some real work. The results were very gratifying. Speaking to his mother a little later she said: "It's fun to do things, isn't it?" It's the joy of doing that makes the go-getter.

After you get going it's easy to attempt increasingly difficult tasks. Success in one begets confidence and skill that helps achieve in other things also.

When folks see you making things go they are very ready to offer you fresh avenues to power. Keep fit, play fair, and life will become a great game of achievement.—Grit.

Why Rain Causes Pain.

Persons who suffer from rheumatism maintain that they can foretell an approaching storm by the increasing frequency of their pains and the sharpness with which these dart through their body, says an exchange.

Often predictions of this sort are attributed to imagination, but they have a very solid foundation of truth. The human body reacts quickly to changes of air pressure, because of the air in the spaces between the cells situated beneath the skin. When the air pressure on the outside of the body decreases—as it does before a storm—the outward pressure in these cells increases, and in the case of persons suffering from rheumatism or gout, causes additional pain.

An old couple describes the process quite accurately by saying:

"A coming storm your shooting corns presage; Your aches will throbb, your hollow tooth will rage."

Why Girls Are Indignant.

At one of the finishing schools that line the banks of the Hudson the dean was suspicious of the number of brothers and cousins calling on some of her attractive charges. The families seemed entirely too large.

"And do you know what she did?" indignantly explained one of the girls. "She wrote home and asked for the names and approximate ages of all our men relatives. So the old bluff works no longer and more friends can't get past the old chaperonage rules. She keeps a register for each of the students."—New York Sun.

Modern Inventions Come Rapidly. The telephone was a toy in 1876; the typewriter a crude arrangement in 1878; the electric industry a baby in 1879, when Edison invented the incandescent light; the phonograph was a curiosity in 1890, and moving pictures a flickering experiment in 1895.

Historical and Genealogical Notes and Queries

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1921

NOTES

(Continued)

Under date of Newport, August 13, 1780, Samuel Vernon writes to his father at Boston, that Gen. Heath has returned to town. I imagine he is reflected on without cause as I suppose he took part at Tiverton with the approbation of the French General.

Under date of Boston, 22d Nov. 1780, Wm. Vernon writes to his son: "I understand Gen. Rochambeau has not your leave for building an assembly room in the garden. I can't think it polite in him not to mention it to you or write me on the matter. I expect they will make a great waste in the house, if not ruin it, but I intend being paid for all damage."

Under date of Boston, 15th Dec. 1780, he writes to his son, "Gen. Rochambeau called at my lodgings last Saturday, to make his compliments, which he left, as I was not at home. The death of Adl de Ternay called him out of town Sunday morning, or I had waited on him; you will do well to make my excuse to the General and at the same time present my respectful compliments."

Under date of Boston, 5th Dec. 1781, he writes to his son: "Five weeks ago you told me that you had bought the cheese which would be here the very next week. I waited 16 days and no appearance of it was therefore under the necessity of buying 1573 d per (illegible) at that time, to prevent the uneasiness, as I had punctually promised it should be here—but how I am deceived, it's not yet come; you depended upon James Robinson, who would out of choice, deceive you. Why did you not go over the ferry and purchase the cheese; besides, I should rather not have any than bought it of any Tory in the State; whom you know I avoid having anything to do with. It's very extraordinary, I think, that 4000 of cheese could not be brought from Rhode Island in the course of six weeks. I am certain 40 tons might have been procured in a fourth part of that time. The navy board thinks I trifle with them as one of the ships, it was expected, would have sailed three weeks past, which obliged me to buy the above cheese with my own money and must expect to abide by the loss of what it cost more than that will from your State. I could wish you would do business with more punctuality and attention."

MYSTERY OF THE CREWLESS VESSEL

The following tale of Rhode Island was copied from the scrap book of George H. Richardson, now in the vault of the Newport Historical Society. Many of us have heard the story of the Crewless Vessel, but few have ever heard of any solution.

Early one pleasant morning in the month of October, 1780, a square-rigged vessel was seen approaching the harbor from the offing, under full sail, with a fresh breeze from the southward and westward. As this approached the harbor many conjectures were made respecting her character and name. At length she was recognized as Sea Bird, Captain Huxham, a vessel which was expected from Bristol, in England, about that time.

The brig continued her course toward the harbor still yawning about in a remarkable manner; and it was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon when, having entered the fair channel between the Beaver's Tail and Brenton's Reef, she kept along before the wind directly toward the town of Newport. An arrival from abroad in those days was an event of no little importance, in which all the inhabitants of the place were interested, and the good people of Newport assembled on the wharves eager to greet their bluff townsman, Captain Huxham, and learn the news from abroad.

The course of the brig was still onward, but when the people expected to see her hauled to the wind and enter the harbor to anchor in front of the town or head alongside the wharf, to their astonishment they found that no change was made in her course, and she sailed on. The brig was evidently bound for Newport, but instead of putting up Narragansett Bay, was sailing directly for the town to the northward of the wharves.

The brig was hailed from the shore, but no answer was returned. Her danger was pointed out to her and those on board were warned to change her course, or the vessel would be wrecked; but even this could elicit no reply. It was then remarked to the consternation of the assembled onlookers, and eagerly whispered around, that not a man could be seen on her decks! The brig was steered by some invisible hand and in a few minutes struck the shore within half a dozen rods of the wondering crowd which had hastened to the spot.

Boats immediately put off from the shore, filled with men eager to learn the cause of this extraordinary proceeding. They found the fire still burning in the caboose, and the usual preparations for breakfast had been made. The table in the cabin had been set, the captain's dressing-gown was lying at the foot of the cabin stairs, as if it had been hastily thrown off, but no living thing was found on board, excepting a dog, which greeted them with extraordinary marks of fondness, when they stepped on the deck. The boats were both missing, and the long boat had been recently hoisted out, as was evident by the tackles on the yards; but the baggage of the officers and crew had apparently not been disturbed. The log book was missing, but the ship's papers and the Captain's writing with the exception of his journal, were all found in regular order.

The questions were asked, Where is the crew? What terrible event compelled them at a moment's warning to quit the vessel, and what had been their fate? Suspicions of the most dreadful kind were aroused, suspicions of piracy or murder. But no blood or traces of desperate struggle were seen on the decks. Some thought that the crew, alarmed at the approach of a squall or some imaginary danger, took to the boats and were lost. But these questions were

not satisfactorily answered. The facts furnished but slight grounds for a hypothesis. No traces of the crew were ever discovered during the life time of those who witnessed the approach of the lonely vessel to the strand; and many believed, and the belief is entertained by some to this day, that the brig was guided safely past the reefs and dangers of the coast and through the narrow channel to her destined port and home by some mysterious, supernatural power.

The Old Man's Story

"My name," said he, "is Thomas Hanway. I was born in a village but a few miles distant from Providence in Rhode Island, and at an early age embraced the occupation of a mariner. I made a number of voyages from Providence or Newport to the West Indies and when I was about nineteen years old, being strong and active, able to do all a seaman's duty, and addicted, I regret to say, to all a seaman's vices, I shipped with Capt. Huxham on board the Sea Bird, bound to Bristol.

The brig was a small vessel, the officers and crew consisting of the captain, Mr. Rundell the mate, four men before the mast, and a cook, a young man belonging to Newport, it being his first voyage to sea. Capt. Huxham was a stern man, who cared little for the comfort of the sailors, and was a great stickler for discipline. Mr. Rundell, the mate, was tall and muscular, and prided himself on his skill and power to knock men about like nine pins, and get out of them the worth of their wages. If the captain was disliked, the whole crew was bitterly hated by the mate. Unfortunately for me, I was placed in the larboard watch, and my watchmate was a middle-aged, burly looking native of Great Britain, who had seen much of the world, and borne a prominent part in many strange and desperate adventures. He was a bold, reckless fellow, case-hardened in rascality, and as he often boasted, feared neither God nor man.

As a matter of course, Jack Hensdale and Mr. Rundell soon had a falling-out; Jack was insolent, and the mate arbitrary and clothed with authority. After a terrible pounding from the mate, my shipmate was forced to submit, and was sulky and ill-humored during the passage across the Atlantic. Occasionally, he received a forcible reminder from Mr. Rundell, in the shape of a clip on the side of the head, or a heavy rope's end over the shoulders, to be more attentive to his work or more respectful in his demeanor, all of which tended to increase the hostility of my watchmate towards the mate. In the little disputes and troubles between Jack Hensdale and Mr. Rundell, the captain, of course, took the part of the mate, and more than once aided that officer in taking the pride out of Jack, as he called it, by the application of an emollient known as the oil of hemp.

(To be continued)

Melpomene, the Muse of Tragedy. Melpomene, in classical mythology, was the muse that presided over tragedy. She is generally represented standing, with her left foot raised on a rock, and holding in her right hand a mask, such as was worn by tragedians.

Efficiency in the Kitchen.

"This thing of being efficient is all right," observes an expert, "but it can be carried to extremes. I know a young couple who landed in divorce court—all because they were trying to plan an efficiency kitchen and couldn't agree on whether the stove or the sink was the center of activity."—Fred Kelly in the Nation's Business.

Spanish Licorice Industry.

The manufacture of licorice extract and paste is an important Spanish industry. This is a comparatively new industry, as formerly the root was exported manufactured. Over 8,000,000 pounds of the root were exported in 1918 and more than 600,000 pounds of extract and paste.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Perfectly Clear.

We have to thank a cheerful dean for this little bit of society letter writing by a clergyman who took the wrong hat away from last night's party: "Mr. A presents his compliments to Mr. B and he has a hat which isn't mine. So if you have a hat that isn't his, doubtless they are the ones."—Sketch.

When Men Carried Handbags.

There are very few articles of feminine finery which were not first worn by the former sex. Earliest examples of the useful handbag were carried by the gods, priests, kings and princes of Babylon. According to the scriptures they must have been very prettily embroidered, too.

No Feathers on Birds.

Young birds of some species possess no plumage at all in the nestling stage—not even a trace of down, says the American Forestry Magazine. This is well seen in the young of the hornbill of certain islands of the East Indies.

Reading of Good Books.

A book we may read over and over until we remember it; and if we forget it, may again peruse it at our pleasure, or at our leisure. So that good books are a very great mercy to the world.—Richard Baxter.

Emeralds in Aztec Treasures.

Among the Aztec treasures of Mexico exquisitely cut emeralds were found and it is from this source that the magnificent emeralds now forming a part of the royal collection of Spain were supposed to have come.

Tough Luck.

Georgia Paper—During our absence some one set fire to our office, but notwithstanding the fact that it was heavily insured, the blamed thing would not burn.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Innocents at Home.

Mrs. Youngbridge—Jack, dear, will have to send that refrigerator back. Every time the ice man puts ice in it, it begins to leak.—Boston Transcript.

The Reward.

The reward of a thing well done, is to have done it.—Emerson.

TROUBLES BESET TOURIST ABROAD

Lack of Hotel Accommodations
in European Cities Stumbling
Block to Traveler.

MANY SLEEP IN BATHROOMS

Fortune Awaits Ambitious American
Who Will Go Into Hotel Business
in Europe—Hotel Porter
Powerful Potentate.

Vienna.—A fortune is awaiting any ambitious American who will come to Europe and go into the hotel business.

There are, of course, complications in the way. Building materials are high, though when the exchange rate is considered not so high as at home. Labor demands high wages, according to the German and Austrian standard—but that standard leaves the skilled workman earning, according to American values, considerably less than \$1 a day.

Again, there are inevitable stumbling blocks in the way of government tax when a piece of land changes hands. Also the international money conditions which have caused Germany and Austria to become beloved of English, American, Dutch, French, Italian and Scandinavian tourists may change before new hotels can be built, though it doesn't look as though they would.

At any rate, eliminating unexpected complications, the hotel business to the eye of the layman now looks as if it must pay better than any other in the world.

Sleeping in the Bathroom.

It is more or less difficult to get a bath in any German or Austrian or Hungarian hotel nowadays, because all of the bathrooms are being used for bedrooms. Not that the guests sleep in the tubs, no, they merely sleep in beds or cots that have been added to the usual bathroom furniture, and they count themselves rather fortunate than otherwise because, while they are enjoying the use of the bathroom as a sleeping apartment they likewise preempt the use of the tub. I slept in the bathroom myself in Munich, and it was very comfortable.

Building additions, redecorating and renovating in general, is now too expensive for the average German or Austrian. Private dwellings and public institutions alike show rather distressing wear and tear. Hospitals in particular are shabby to a point where their executives bewail that they are unsanitary.

Private apartment houses are spotty as to paint and dangerously raveled as to stair coverings. Hotels are universally, however, in a state of newly painted smartness and are being bravely remodeled and redecorated.

Hotel Porter Is All Powerful.

The hotel porter always in Europe has been a dignitary of considerable prominence. In his admiral's coat, his linguistic ability, his infallible knowledge of train schedules and theaters and that omnipotence of his in playing chess—with vacant rooms as his squares and guests as his pawns—in all of this he is mighty, and he is a power to be envied by many an up-to-date potentate.

The porter at the Adlon in Berlin is said to own one of the smartest villas in Wahnsee, one of the sunniest suburbs of that city.

But the importance of the porter has increased many fold since after the war conditions have made a room in a hotel a thing to be desired beyond great riches. His nod and his frown are Jovian in their might. His nod comes only when the would-be guest can show proof that he wired the hotel for rooms and that the wire was answered favorably. Otherwise, there is the frown. It is a frown which may, on occasions, be decorated by the proper means, delicately introduced, or rather, tendered. It is a frown which may, on the other hand remain consistently and honestly disconcerting.

Wanted—A Room.

There was, for instance, that experience in Budapest. I had wired for rooms in the Hotel Ritz, from Vienna. No answer had come, but the porter in the hotel at Vienna had been in optimistic mood and had advised risking it. I risked it and arrived at Budapest shortly after 9 p.m.

It turned out that the advice of the porter was not good advice. There was no room to be had at the Ritz. People, the porter was pleased to inform me, were sleeping in all of the bathrooms. He recommended another hotel; the hotel was courteous, but it also was full; it recommended another.

The affair resembled the chariot race from "Ben Hur," though slightly more thrilling. Every one else in the city seemed to be trying to find rooms in the hotel, too. If there are traffic laws in Budapest they are made like New Year's resolutions, only to be broken. The droschke drivers are ancient and ragged dardereils, who delight in zig-zagging across the paths of automobiles and trains and other droschkes. They whiz past one another on the bliss, they clatter out from side streets, they risk, a thousand times, a wheel caught in a trolley track and utter disaster.

Other horses dashing drawing other droschkes prance up behind one and one feels their hot breath on the neck and they seem about to make their suppers off of one's back hair. Then they pass, the wheels of their droschkes clatteringly near. And another hotel is reached and one races madly through the lobby, enlivened by other racing and wild-eyed travelers, only to be told that there, too, people are sleeping in the bathrooms.

Ah, a Boarding House.

At last one Jovian gentleman in the haughty regalia of a porter took pity on a lady traveling alone—this was the fifth hotel—and telephoned to the keeper of a pension or boarding house

Mortgagee's Sale

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by Joseph T. Keeley, deceased, late of the City and County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, (Annie L. Keeley, wife of the said Joseph, joining in said deed in release of dower), to William Brenton Greene, Jr., of Princeton, in the State of New Jersey, and Richard J. A. Greene, of said Newport, dated December 21st, 1918, and recorded in Volume 41 of the Mortgage Land Evidence of the said City of Newport, at pages 149, 150, 151 and 152 therein, and afterwards assigned to and by said mortgagee, on the 15th day of November, A. D. 1921, said assignment being recorded in the Mortgage Land Evidence of the said City of Newport in Volume 67 of the said at pages 335-336, breach of said mortgage having been made and still existing, the undersigned will sell at public auction on the hereinafter described premises on the 21st day of December, A. D. 1921, at 12 o'clock noon, all the right, title and interest which the said Joseph T. Keeley had at the time of the execution of the said mortgage and did by said mortgage convey in a certain estate situate in said City of Newport, and bounded and described as follows: Lots 18, 19 and 20 on a plat entitled "Map of Land Belonging to Greene Estate, William H. Lawton, Civil Engineer, Sept. 16, 1918, Newport, R. I., on file in the office of the City Clerk of the City of Newport, to which said plat reference is hereby made and the same is hereby made a part hereof, said parcel of land being more particularly bounded and described as follows: Northwesterly one hundred and sixteen (116) feet on Mumford avenue; Southeasterly eighty feet and one-tenth of a foot (80.1) by Lot 21 on the above plat; Northwesterly one hundred and sixteen (116) feet by land of William Brenton Greene, Jr., and Northwesterly eighty feet and five-tenths of a foot (80.5) by Lot 22 on the above plat; and the balance of the land being bounded or described; said premises being all that was granted by said Mortgage Deed, which Deed is hereby made a part hereof. And the said undersigned mortgagee hereby gives notice that he intends to bid for said property at said sale thereof.

FRANK F. NOGAN,
Assignee of Mortgage.
Newport, R. I., December 2nd, 1921.

that he knew. Yes, she had a vacant room, the porter was pleased to inform me and accepted a slight gratuity for his condescension.

We dashed again and this time the driver carried the luggage up three flights of dark, draughty and onlony stairs. The pension keeper met us at the door, sweet but sorry. No, the room was taken. A gentleman had come just after she had answered the telephone.

"But you promised," I wailed.

"Promised, madam?" she repeated. "I do not promise. I merely said that at that moment there was a room vacant. There is none vacant now."

The luggage was crivled down the dark and onlony stairs again, and another hotel was tried. Here there was another porter who knew a pension, and in this pension, at last, there was haven—a sort. It was of the sort that is frequently disturbed during the night by thuds with six legs.

The experience, however, is not unique. And because many hotels were appropriated for other uses during the war and have never been restored to their original utilitarian field, and because no building has been done for seven years and tourists from all over the world find it pleasant and profitable to sojourn in these lands where money is cheap—the hotel business would seem to be a pleasant and profitable one.—Miriam Tscherner in Chicago News.

LEADS YANKEE HEROES.



Sergeant Samuel Woodfill, who has been officially recognized by General Pershing as the greatest hero of the American forces in the late war. Woodfill wears the congressional medal, the ribbon of a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and the cross de guerre.

HELPS NEWSIES SAVE MONEY

Oil Promoter to Aid Bank Accounts of Denver Boys With Various Sums.

Denver, Colo.—A novel thrift plan for the benefit of Denver newsboys has been evolved by Sidney Keoughan, oil magnate, who announces that he will give \$200 odd "newsies" under sixteen a "head start" by opening savings accounts for them in a bank.

At Christmas Mr. Keoughan will add amounts to the accounts of boys as follows:

Twenty dollars to each of the five boys making the best record for adding to the original account; \$15 each to the next best five; \$10 each to the next five; \$5 each to the next five, and 100 \$1 prizes to boys who have taken advantage of his offer and added to the original deposit made for them by Mr. Keoughan.

At Christmas, 1922, Mr. Keoughan says, he will double his prizes of 1921.

Well of Whisky.

Knoxville, Tenn.—The police discovered a well of whisky in a residential part of the city. A small copper pipe from a copper tank sunk ten feet under ground enabled the owners to keep a supply of moonshine whisky on tap at all hours. The whisky was forced through a faucet by a hand pump.

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DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED
STATES DISTRICT OF
RHODE ISLAND

Thomas W. Miller, Allen
Property Custodian } Equity
vs. } No. 153
J. Roth

Motion for Order of Notice by Publication

In the above entitled cause the Petitioner moves that notice of the pendency of this cause be given to J. Roth, Aurel Batonyi, and Johanna Batonyi, together with their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, and to the International Reservation Company, by publication, in accordance with the prayer in said Bill of Complaint, directing said respondents, and each of them to appear, plead, answer or demur by a day certain to be designated, and also that subpoenas and a copy of this notice be served upon the person now in possession of certain real estate in this district, as set out in said Bill of Complaint, and show unto this Honorable Court:

That this is a suit brought for the purpose of removing a cloud upon the title of certain real estate within this district.

That the respondents, J. Roth, Johanna Batonyi, Aurel Batonyi are not inhabitants of or to be found within this district.

That the charter of the International Reservation Company has been declared forfeited by the State of Rhode Island, and the said corporation has no office or address.

By his Attorney,
JOHN A. MURPHY, JR.

A true copy.

Attest:
L. B. LAWTON,
Chief Deputy Clerk.

11-12-6v

DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED
STATES DISTRICT OF
RHODE ISLAND

Thomas W. Miller, Allen
Property Custodian } Equity
vs. } No. 153
J. Roth

Order

This matter came on to be heard this day on motion of John A. Murphy, Jr., solicitor for the Complainant, and it is:

HEREBY ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED, that the said J. Roth, Aurel Batonyi, and Johanna Batonyi, or their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, if either or any of them be dead, together with the International Reservation Company come into Court and plead, answer or demur to the Bill of Complaint in this cause, on or before the 31st day of December, A. D. 1921.

And that a copy of said Motion and this Order be published once a week for six successive weeks in the Newport Mercury, a newspaper published in the City of Newport, Rhode Island. And that a copy of this Motion and Order be served upon Joseph E. Murphy, the person now in possession of part of the real estate, set out in said Bill of Complaint.

Said Bill of Complaint.

By the Court (Brown, J.) Nov. 8, 1921.

THOMAS HOPE, Clerk.

Enter November 8, 1921.

Arthur L. Brown, J.

A true copy.

Attest:

L. B. LAWTON,

Chief Deputy Clerk.

11-12-6v

Probate Court of the City of Newport,

November 21st, 1921.

Estate of Julia L. Smith

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Administrator of the estate of JULIA L. SMITH, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account shows distribution among the heirs-at-law, and the same is received and referred to the Twelfth day of December next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

11-25

No Delivery.

Miss R. writes, that this excuse was received by a local school marm: "Dear Teacher: Please excuse Willie's absence last Friday, as he had to go to the hospital after his sore nose."—Boston Transcript.

Insulting the "Hub."

Some astronomical faker is cut with a dastardly attempt to show that the center of the universe is about 4,000,000,000 miles from the Boston State house.—Boston Transcript.

Not a Favorite.

Says an exchange: "The man who imagines he has no equal must lead a very lonely life." He does, brother, for few people care for his society.—Boston Transcript.

Where Publicity Really Hurts.

It is not our wrong actions which it requires courage to confess, so much as those which are ridiculous and foolish.—Rousseau.

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